

The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is primarily a deep red color. A thick, solid black diagonal stripe runs from the top-left corner towards the bottom-right corner. The word "WALDEN" is printed in a white, sans-serif, all-caps font in the upper right area, above the black stripe. In the lower left area, below the black stripe, the numbers "80-81" are printed in the same white, sans-serif, all-caps font.

WALDEN

80-81





U
WALDEN
I
T
Y



1980
1981

80-81 DEDICATION

Deciding who to dedicate the yearbook to is a task, trying to keep in mind who we students dedicated it to last year and the year before. So, finally, one wise brain suggested to dedicate this year's yearbook to

THE FACULTY

Well, we went around taking surveys, asking the students to be honest and to TELL US WHAT THEY LIKED MOST ABOUT THE FACULTY. We did this without letting them know what it was for. Here are some of the responses:

The teachers care about us students . . .

They're open, willing to listen . . .

They're damn good . . .

They have a sense of humor . . .

They're characters! . . . friends . . .

I'm able to express myself to them . . .

They're patient . . . make it fun . . .

They let you be yourself . . .

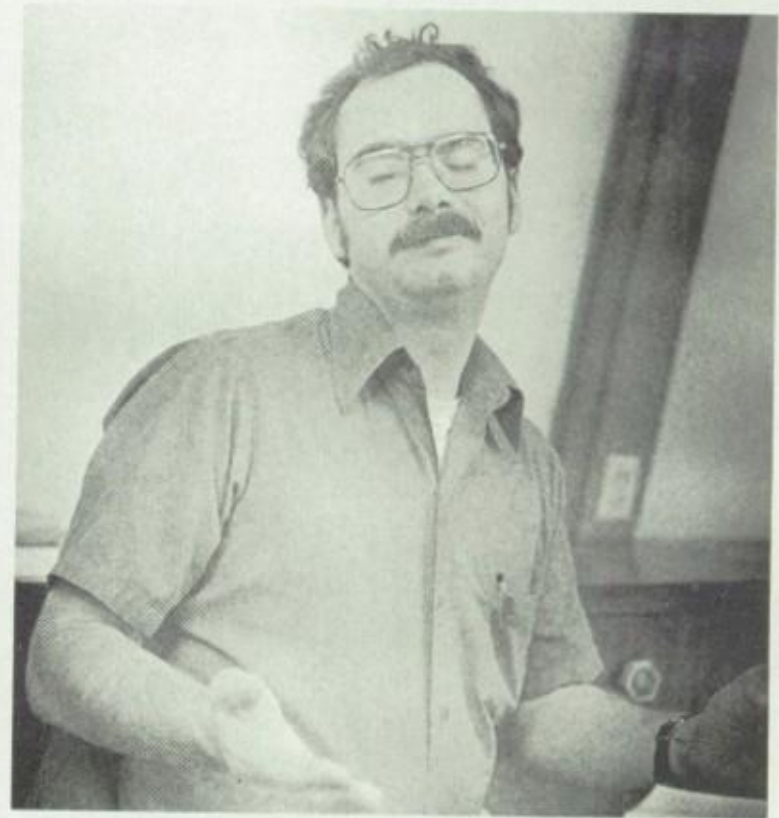
They help and understand . . . no pressure . . .

We go on a first-name basis! . . .

They're different . . . trusting . . . talented . . . intelligent . . .

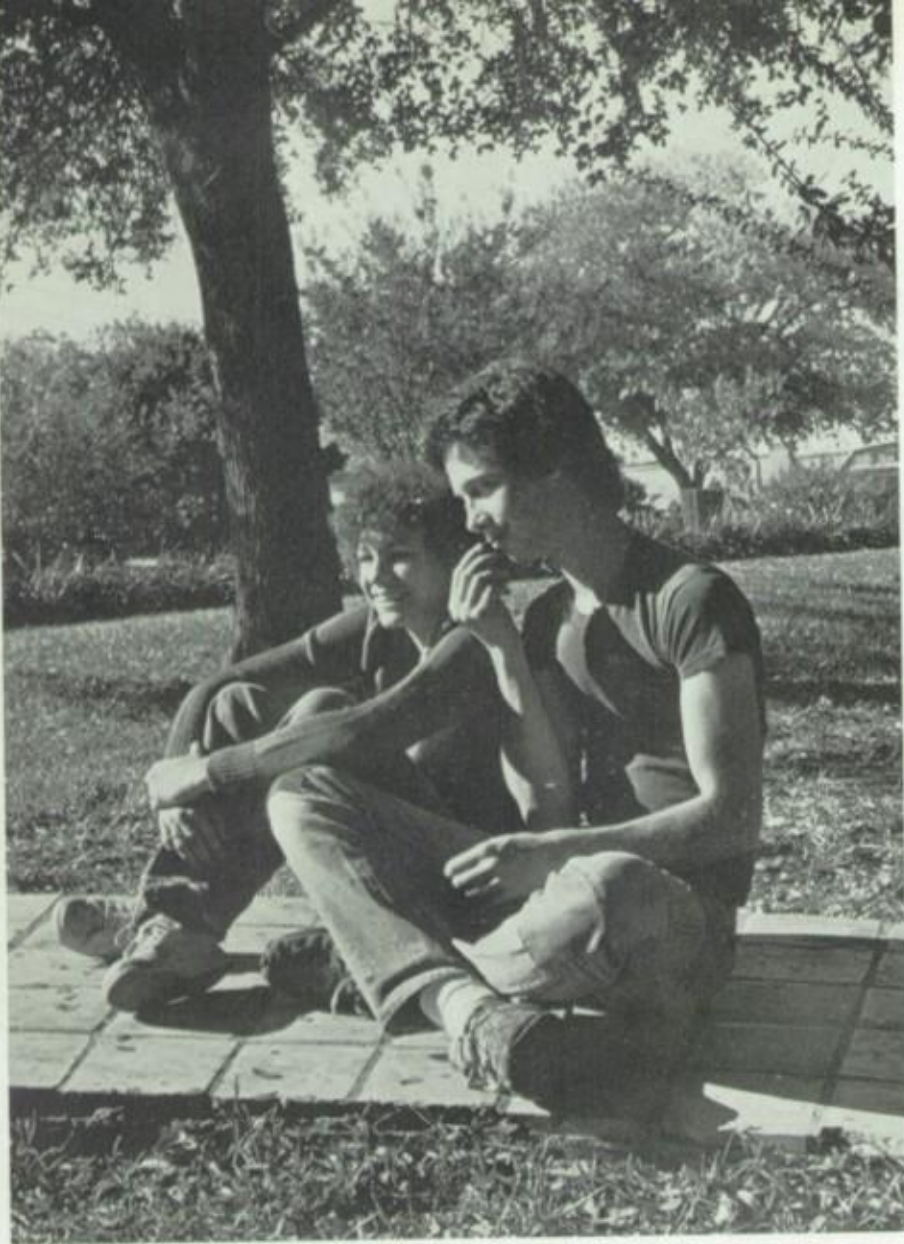
eager to talk . . . relate . . . concerned . . . nice . . .

They teach you . . .



I'm a person who sees life in focus

I stand behind all the things I do,



I reach for my wildest dreams
and goals



and they become real.



I walk through life with
doubts . . .



My fears and reasons . . .



I keep my mind clean,

and open for your
friendship.

I give my peace,

And it comes alive.



**A group
of people
met in
class today.**





**Part of the
time they
worked,
and part of
the time
they played.**



But when it
they looked



and found

they



was all over,
within themselves

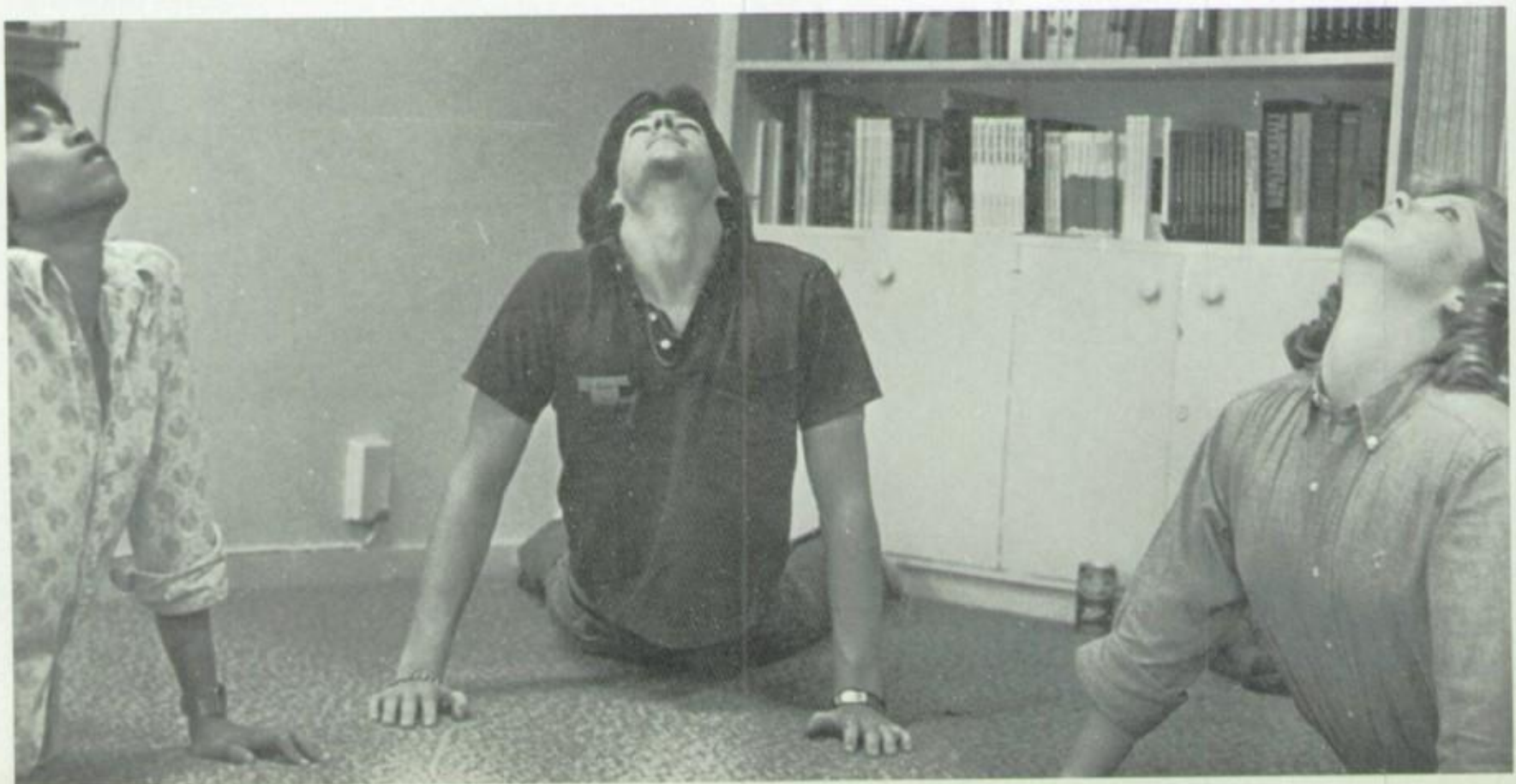
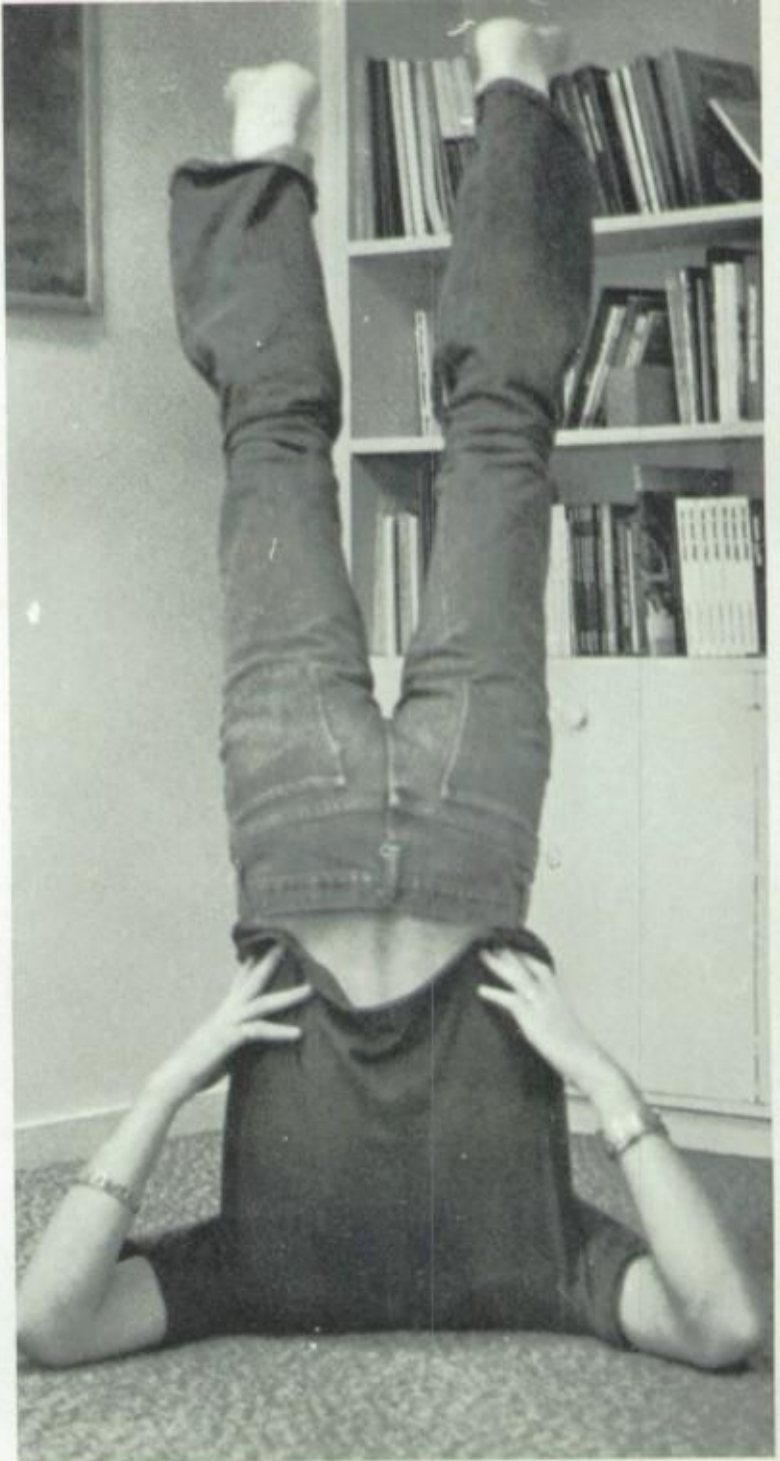
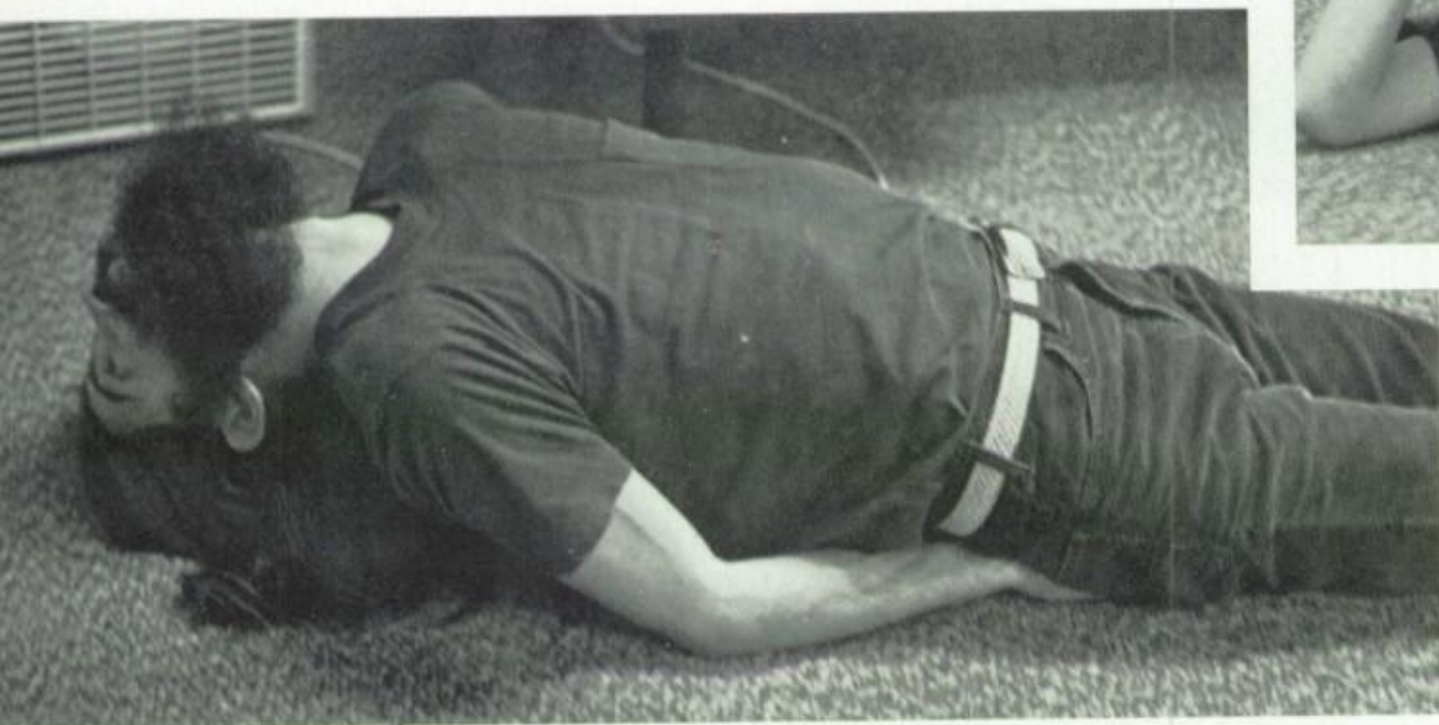


that
had changed.



Through YOGA

we bear a . . .



The calm
mends the pain!

And to us —



finding truth
is the reason.

Thank you,
Stephen.

Joel Sutton
Jude Koons
Bill Bookman
Karen Barnett
Frank Homet
Bunnie Mecaskey
David Raffman
Ha Pham
Heather Brown
Greg Shuford
Joe Doina





We've got your number.

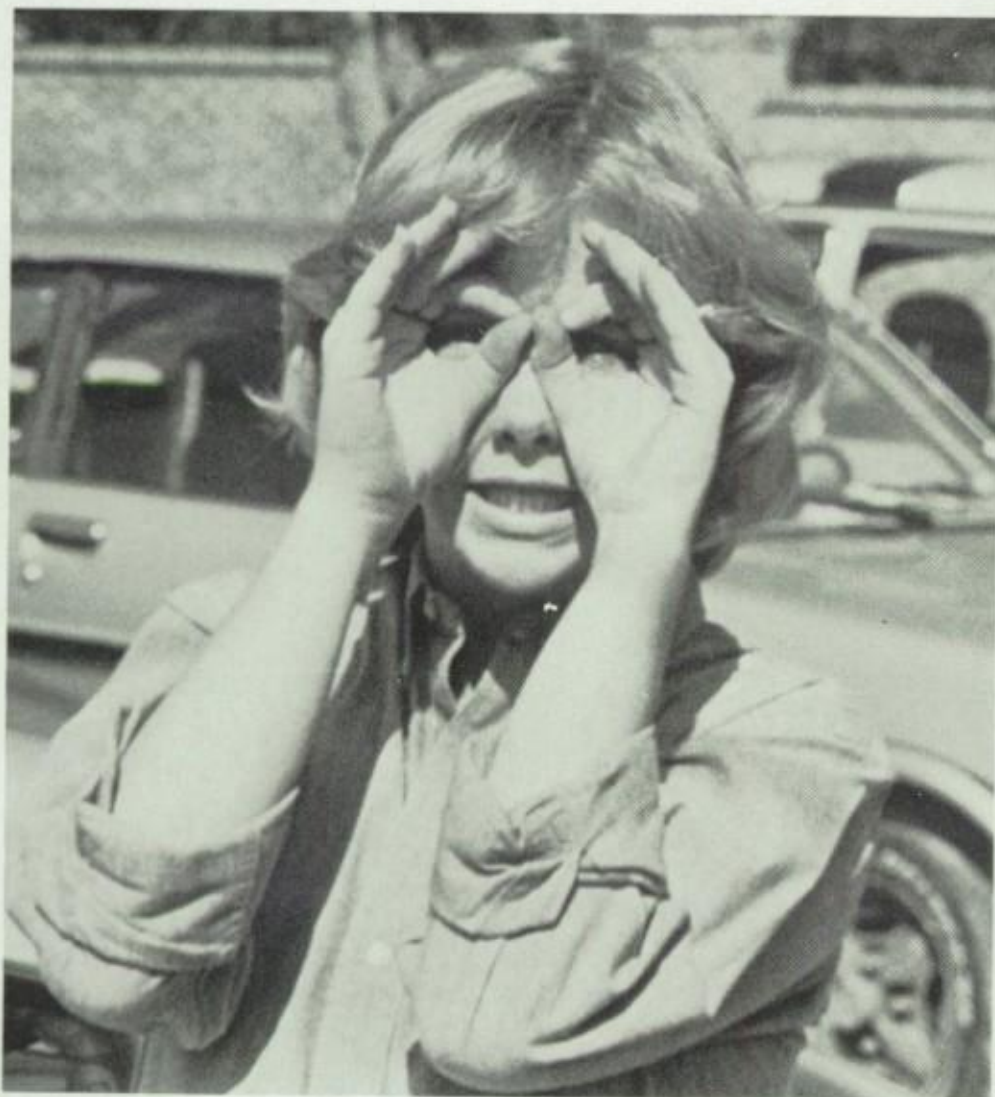
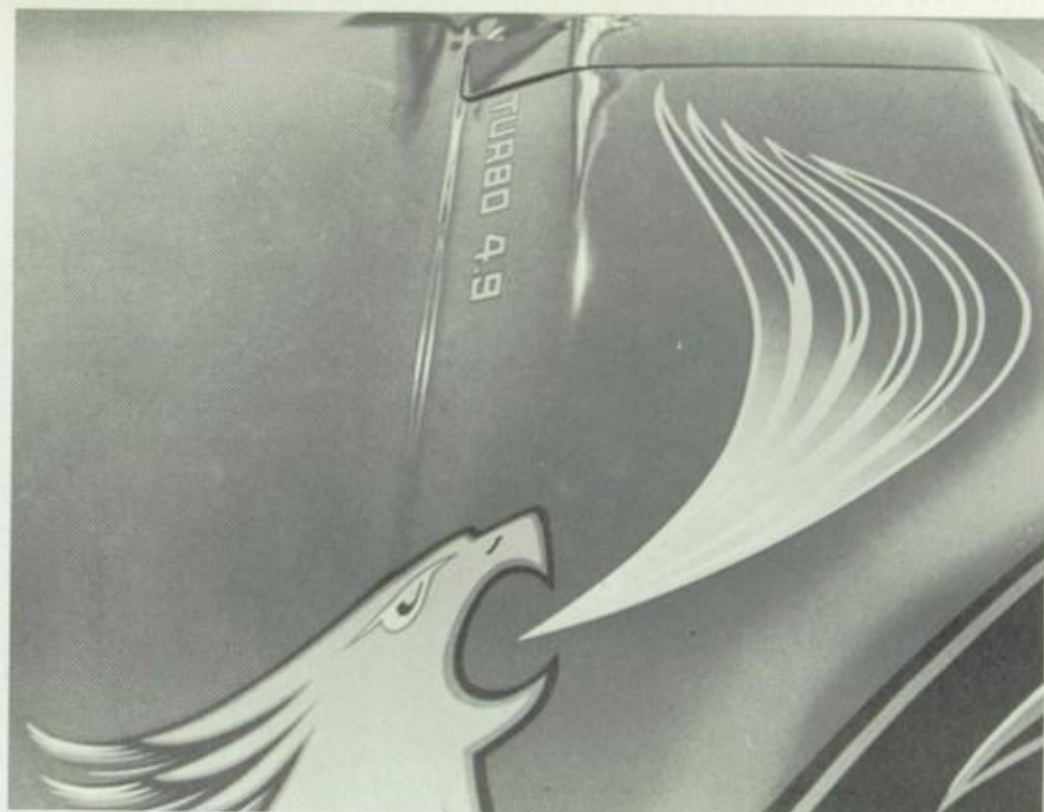
We've got the style.



PARKING LIFE

Where we stray

and where we play.



We've got the look.

And we've got the
smile!



SENIORS

I found myself alone one day,

Heather Brown

Far away there in
the sunshine are my
highest aspirations,
I may not reach
them, but I can look
up and see their
beauty, believe in
them and try to
follow where they
may lead.

Dana Vineyard

Love and beauty
are very great; hope
we all make it
through Walden to
graduate.

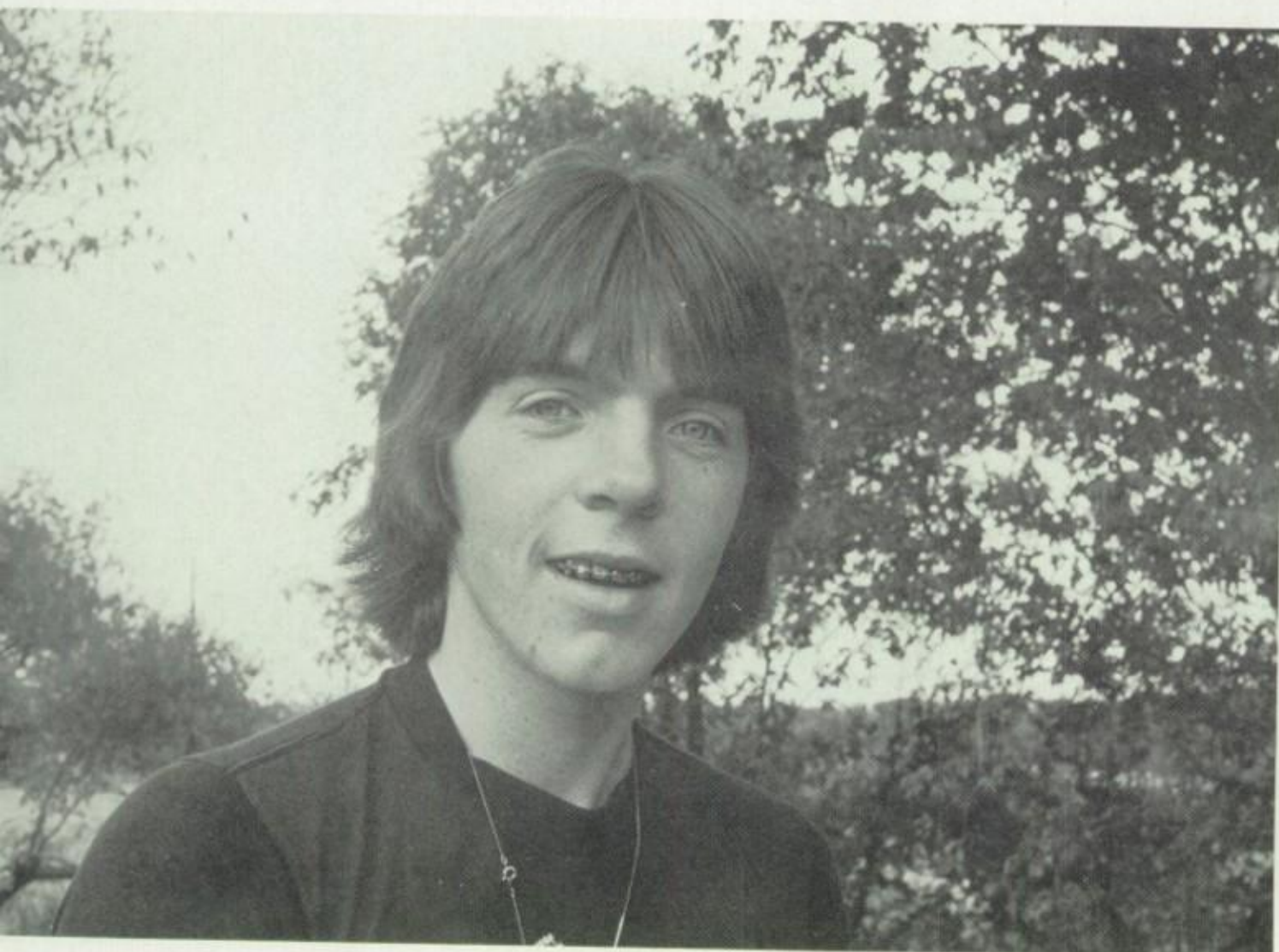


so I gathered up some nails and boards . . .



Bryan Post

Nothing splendid has ever been achieved except by those who dared believe that something inside them was superior to circumstance. (Bruce Barton)
Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds. (Albert Einstein)



Jim Hoffman

Sun is the same in a relative way, but you're old and shorter of breath and one day closer to death.



Celeste Beller

No more; No more.

Greg Shuford

The bond that links your true family is not one of blood, but of respect and joy in each other's life. Rarely do members of one family grow up under the same roof.



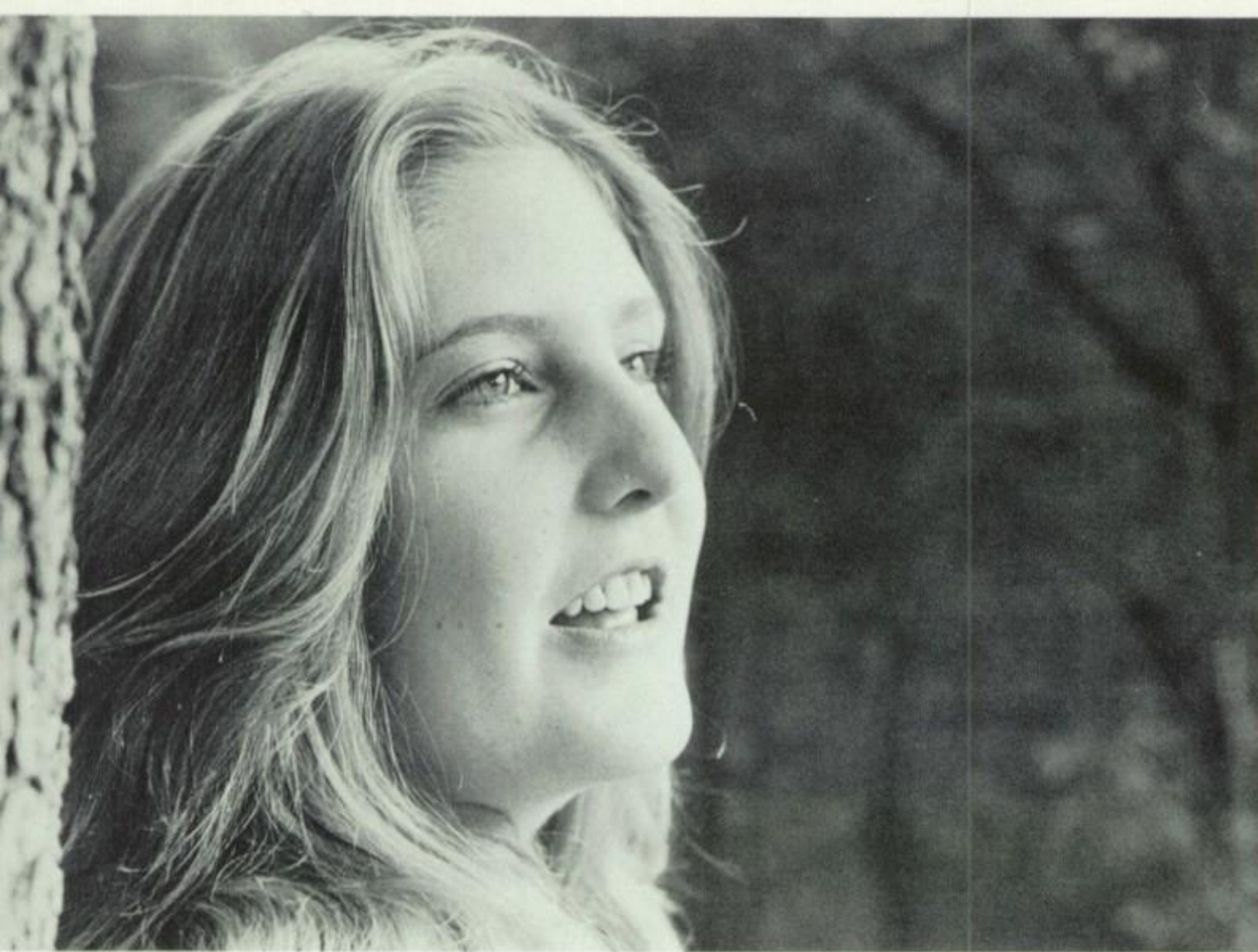
Sloan Smith

Many dreams come true and
some have silver lining. I live
for my dream and a pocket full
of gold. (Led Zeppelin)

Julie Carlisle

Namaste: In India when people
meet and part they often say
"Namaste", which means "I
honor that place in you where
the entire universe resides; I
honor the place in you of love,
of light, of peace; I honor that
place within you, and I am at
that place within me; there is
only one of us." (Namaste)





Julia Munden

Joel Sutton



Jill Wilson

If you love something,
Set it free; If it comes
back to you, It's yours; if
it doesn't, it never was!



Sondra Chandler

And it makes me
wonder . . .
(Led Zeppelin)





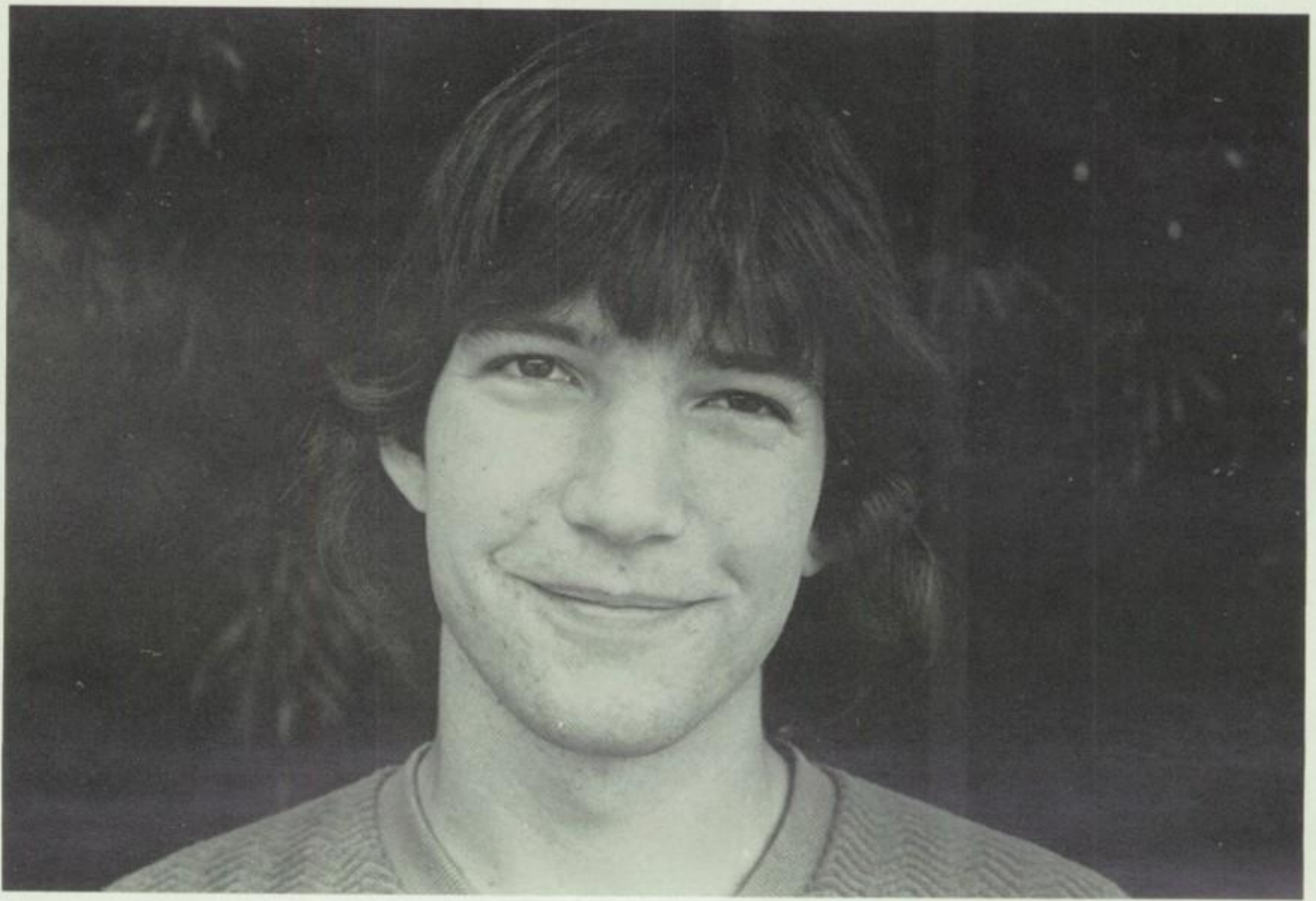
Steve Hodgson

Don't stop to borrow things
you don't need; move on in life.

Jude Koons

If your mind was free, where
would your soul be?





Randy Behrens

David Raffman
Time stands still.



Danny Pulley

We, the willing, led by the
unknowing, are doing the
impossible for the
ingrateful. We have done so
much for so long, with so
little, we are now qualified to
do anything with nothing.



Jennifer Keen

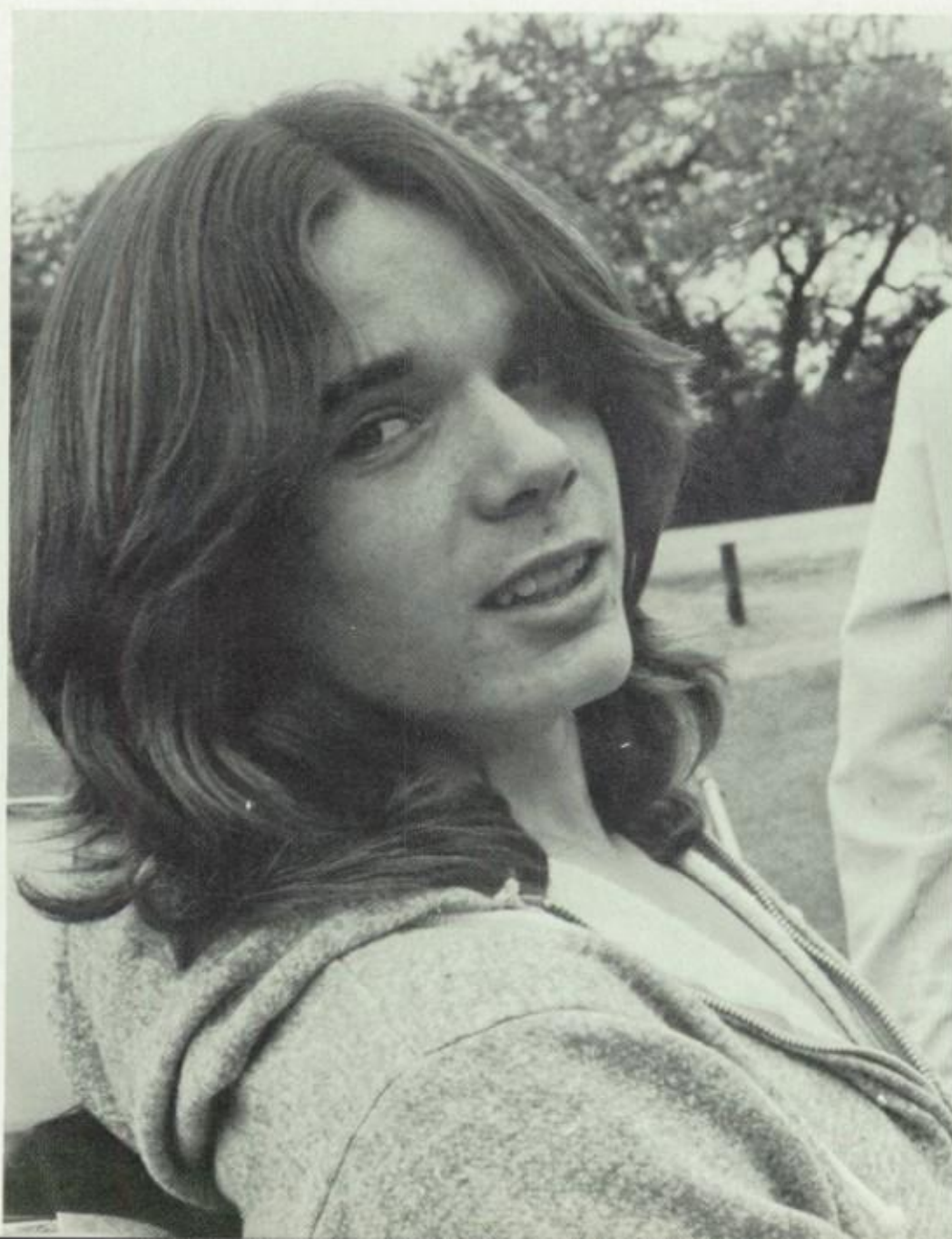
There's a train everyday,
Leaving either way.
There's a world you know,
There's a way to go.
And I'll soon be leaving,
That's just as well.
This is my opening
Farewell.

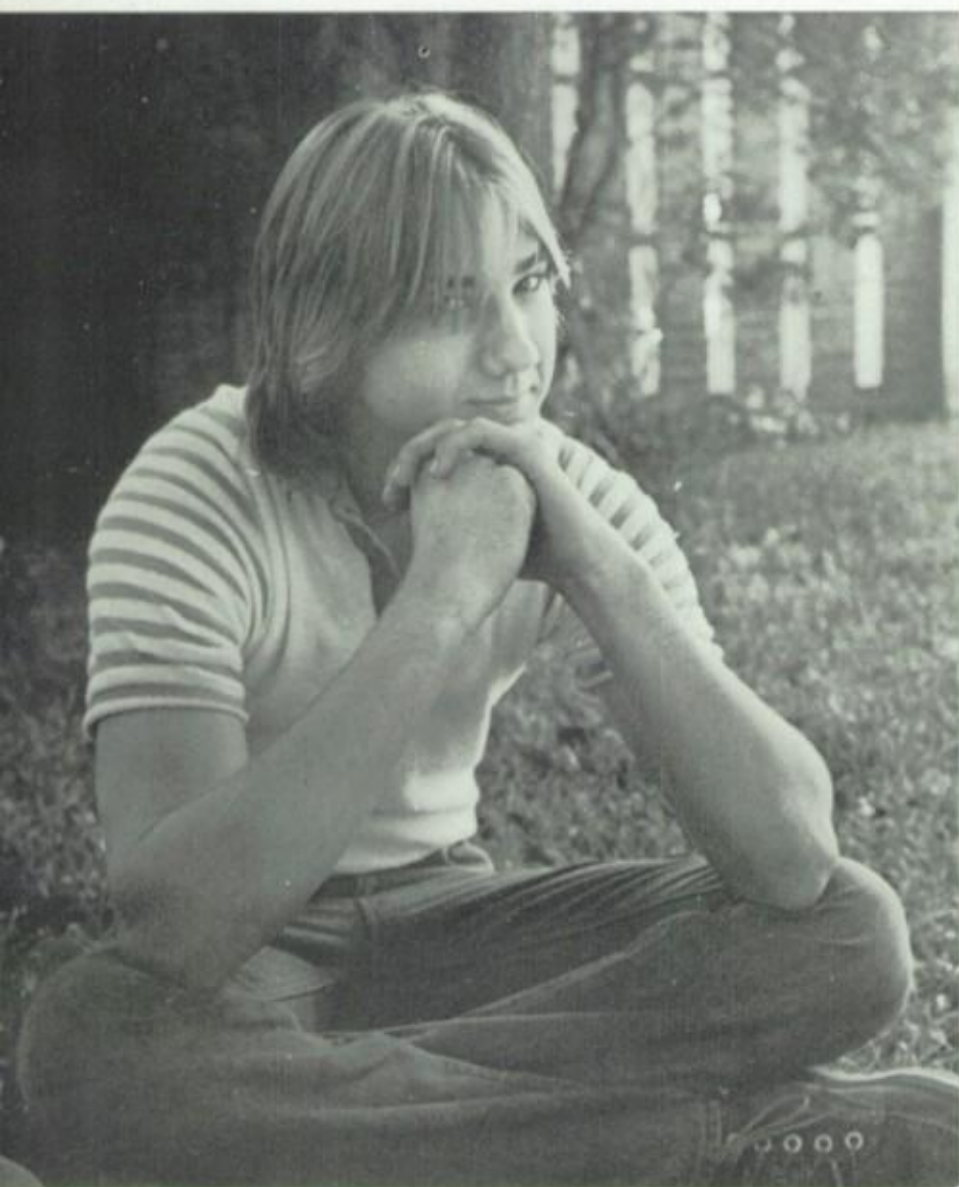


Kim Doyle

Tim Hawkins

Tell me what I'm living
for. I feel like I'm tossed in
the middle.





Andy Skibell —

When our weary
world was young,
the struggle of
the ancients
first began.
The Gods of love and
reason sought alone
to rule the fate
of man.

(Rush)

Brook Batson





Mary Turner —

Take it easy . . . but take it.
(Woody Guthrie)

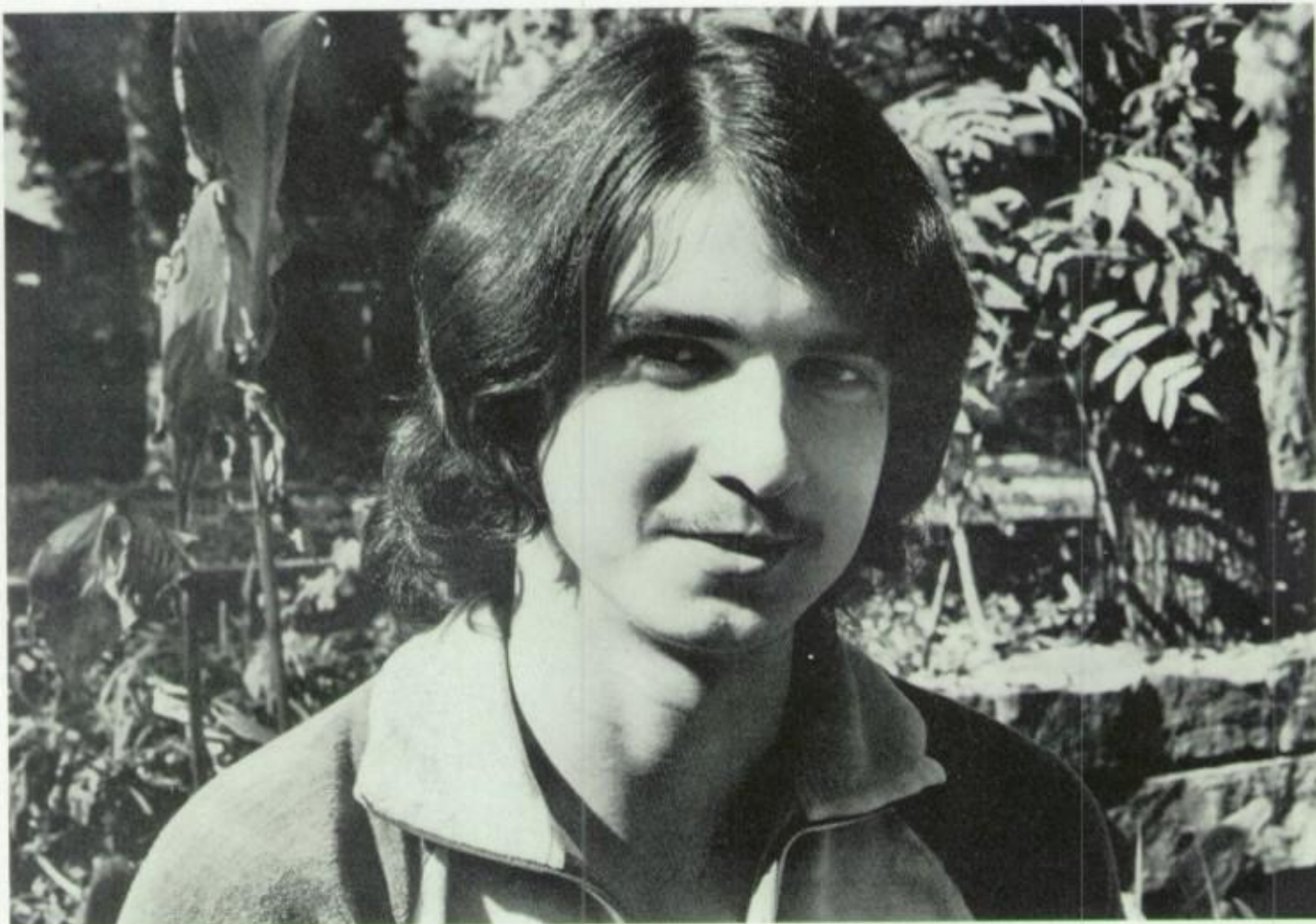


Valerie McGhee

Honza Krulich —

Dear Mr. Fantasy,
Play me a tune.
Something to
make us all
happy.

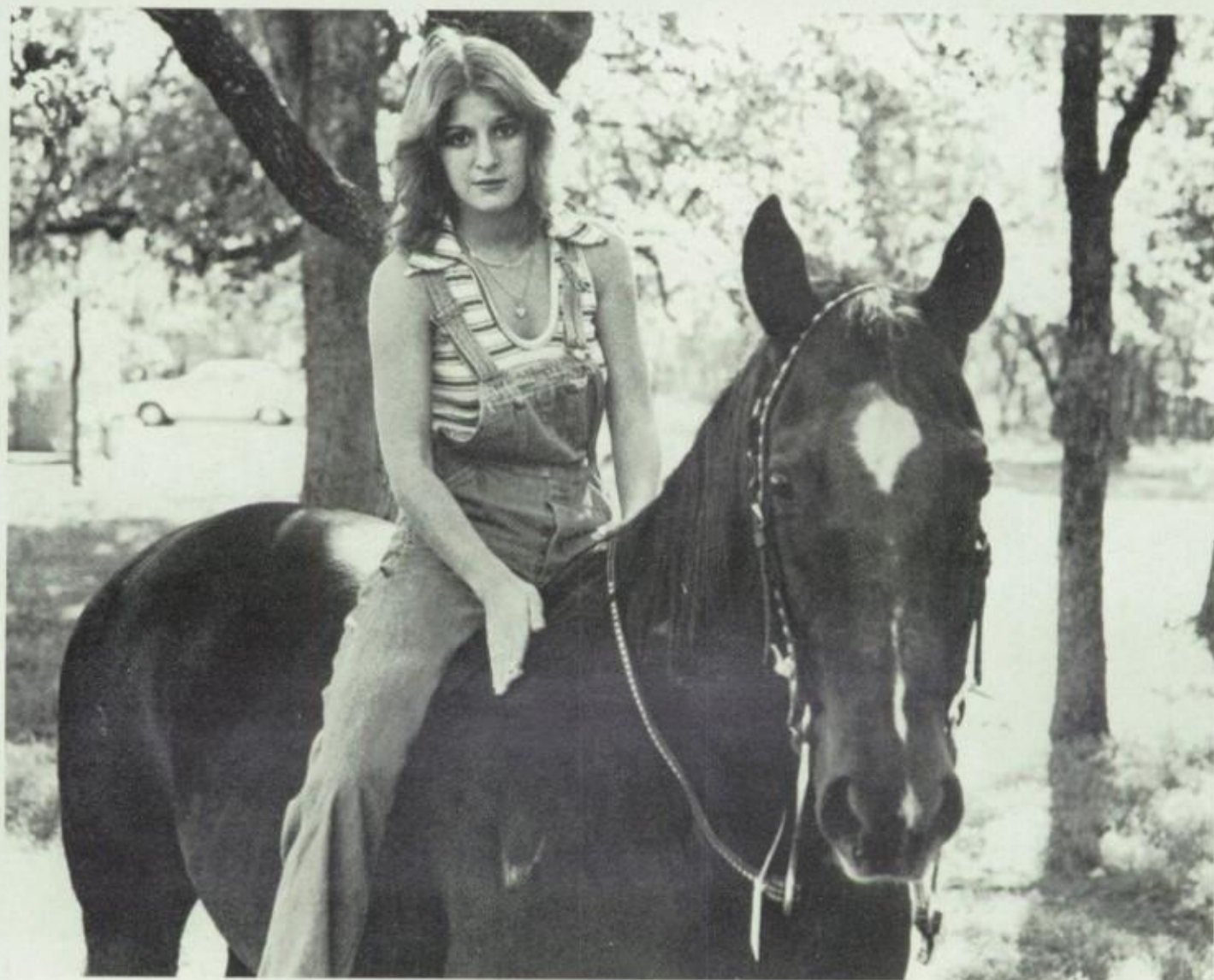
(Traffic)



Vivica LaMarsh —

I love you all,
and I'll miss
you very much.





Brenda Bradburn



David Phillips —

Sometimes in
confusion I felt so
lost and
disillusioned,
innocence gave
confidence to go
up against
reality.

(Rush)

Amy Crayton —

Upon us all, a little
rain must fall.
(Led Zeppelin)

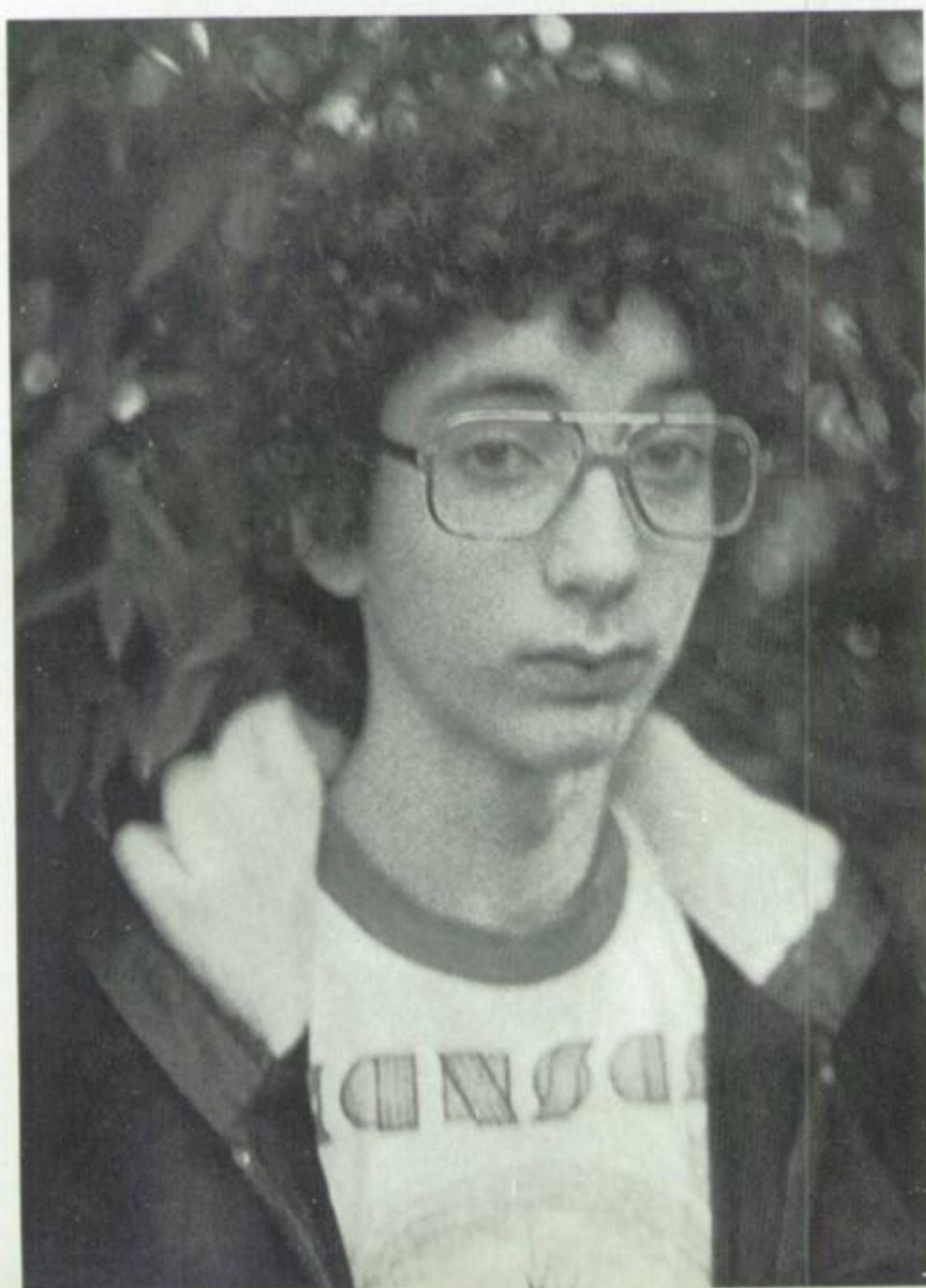


Ron Mills —

The timid folk beseech me the
wise ones warn me.

They say that I shall never
grow to stand so high.

But I climb among the hill of
clouds and follow vanished
lightning. I shall be deep in
thunder with my head against
the sky.



—
1234Fun
Hey baby we like your lips
Hey baby we like your pants
All aboard for funtime
Fun
I don't need no heavy trips
I just do what I want to do
Fun
Everybody we want in
We want some
All aboard for funtime.

(Iggy Pop)



Michelle Evans —

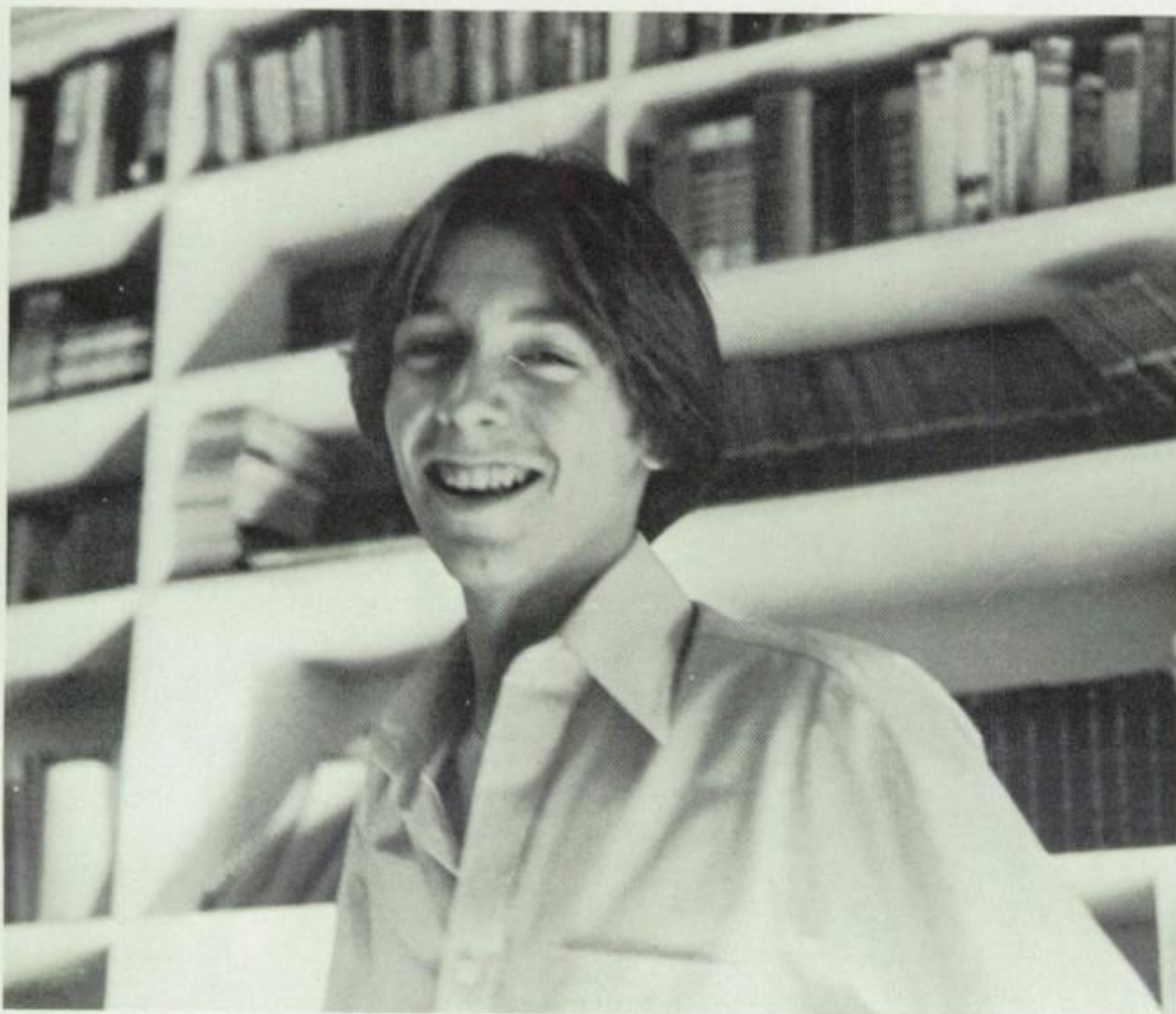
I've always been
crazy, but it's kept me
from going insane.



Paula Graham

Lee West





Scott Massey —

My eyes have just been
opened,
and they're opened very
wide.

Images around me
don't identify inside
Just one blur I
recognize —

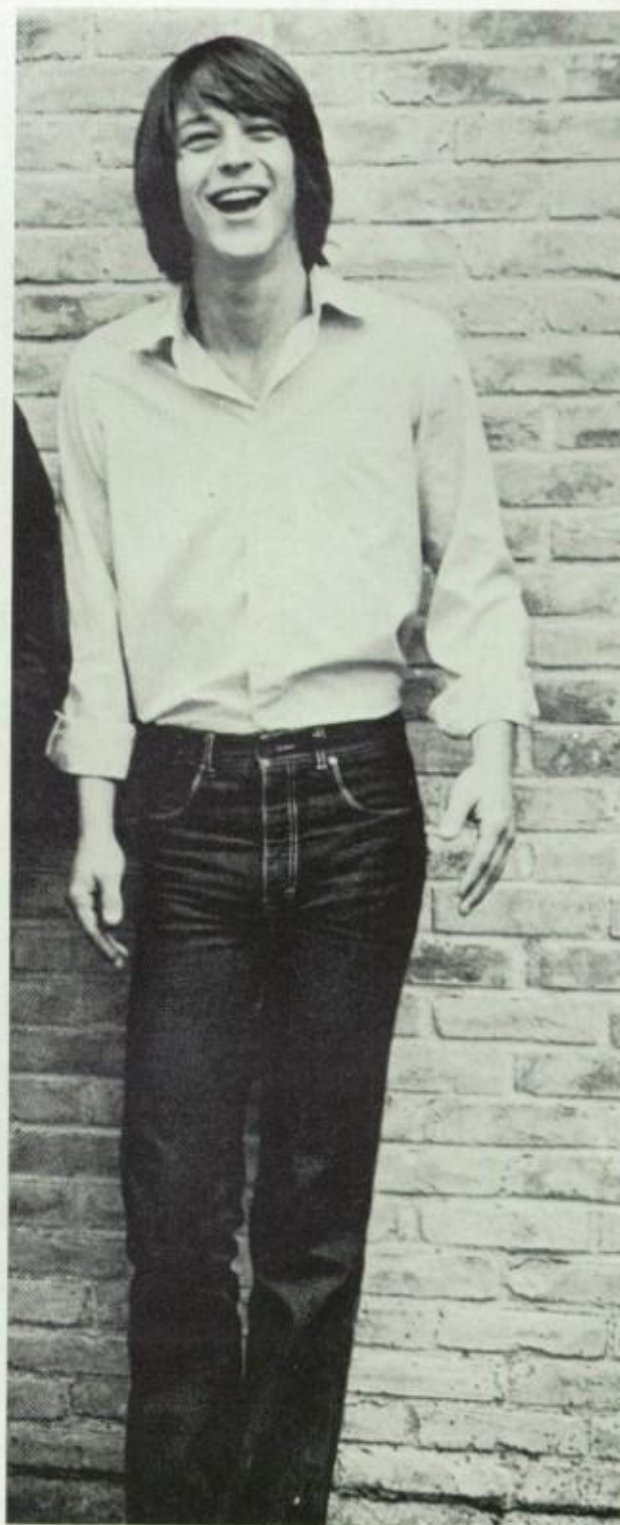
The one that soothes
and feeds.

My way of life is easy
And as simple are my
needs.

(Lee, Lifeson, and
Peart)

Hy Houdek —

Life on earth, take it for what
it's worth:
We are all part of the Universe.
You are all my brothers.
Use your heads,
Use your hearts,
Save yourselves.
(Todd Rundgren)





Richard Andrews —

It's time for me to
ramble on.

Jennifer Girsdanský





Tracy Skinner —

I'm on the train to Bangkok,
aboard the Thailand
Express.
(Rush)

Paul Marshall





I experimented

...

creations
of my mind...

Left: Linda Thompson

Below: John Osborne —

Rust never sleeps.

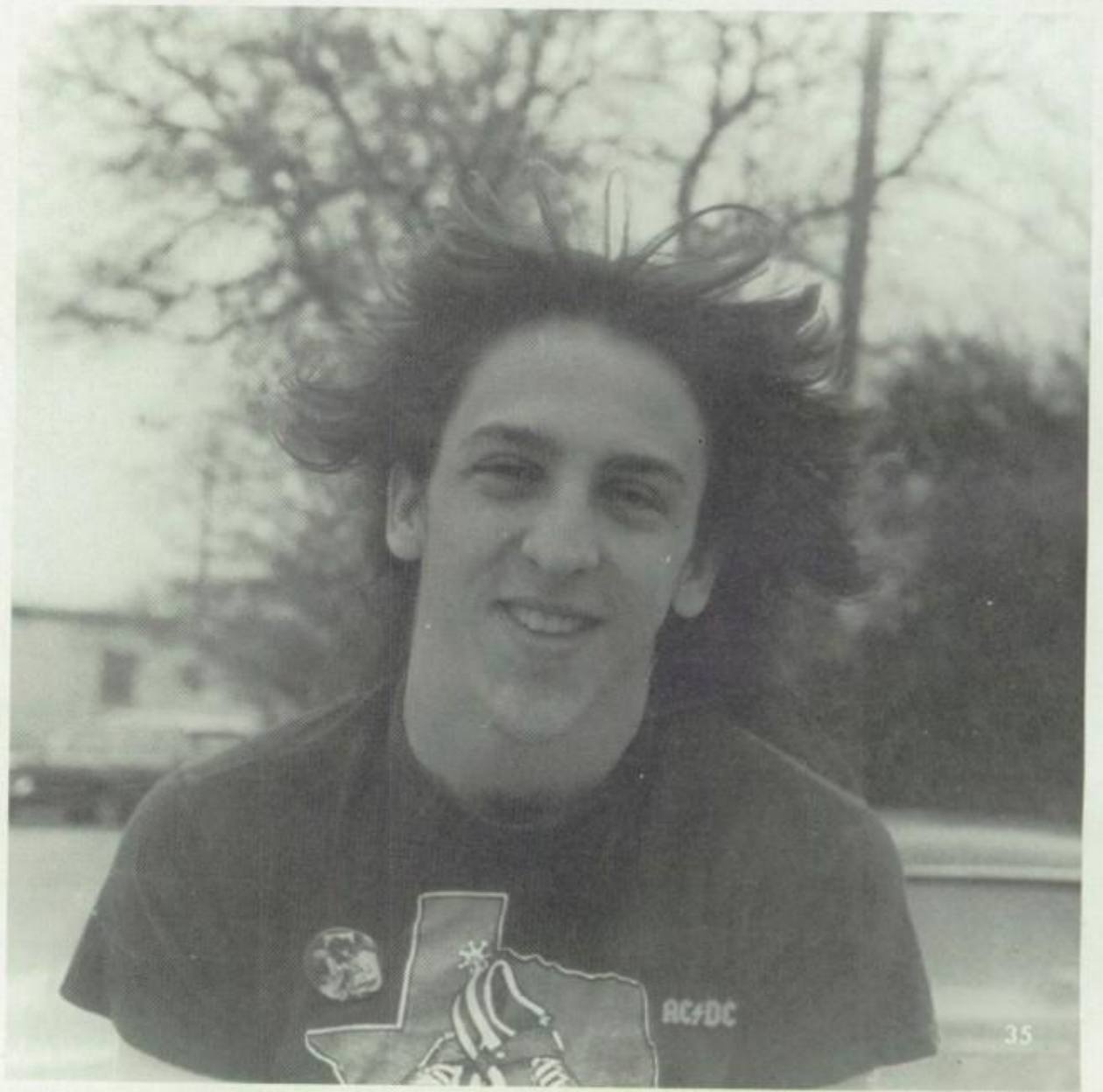


until I learned
what I
could build.

Susan Thayer —
Life — Is to die for!



Jim Suhler



The Board and Director of Walden



left to right: Tom Miller, Marie Loar, Jack Johnson

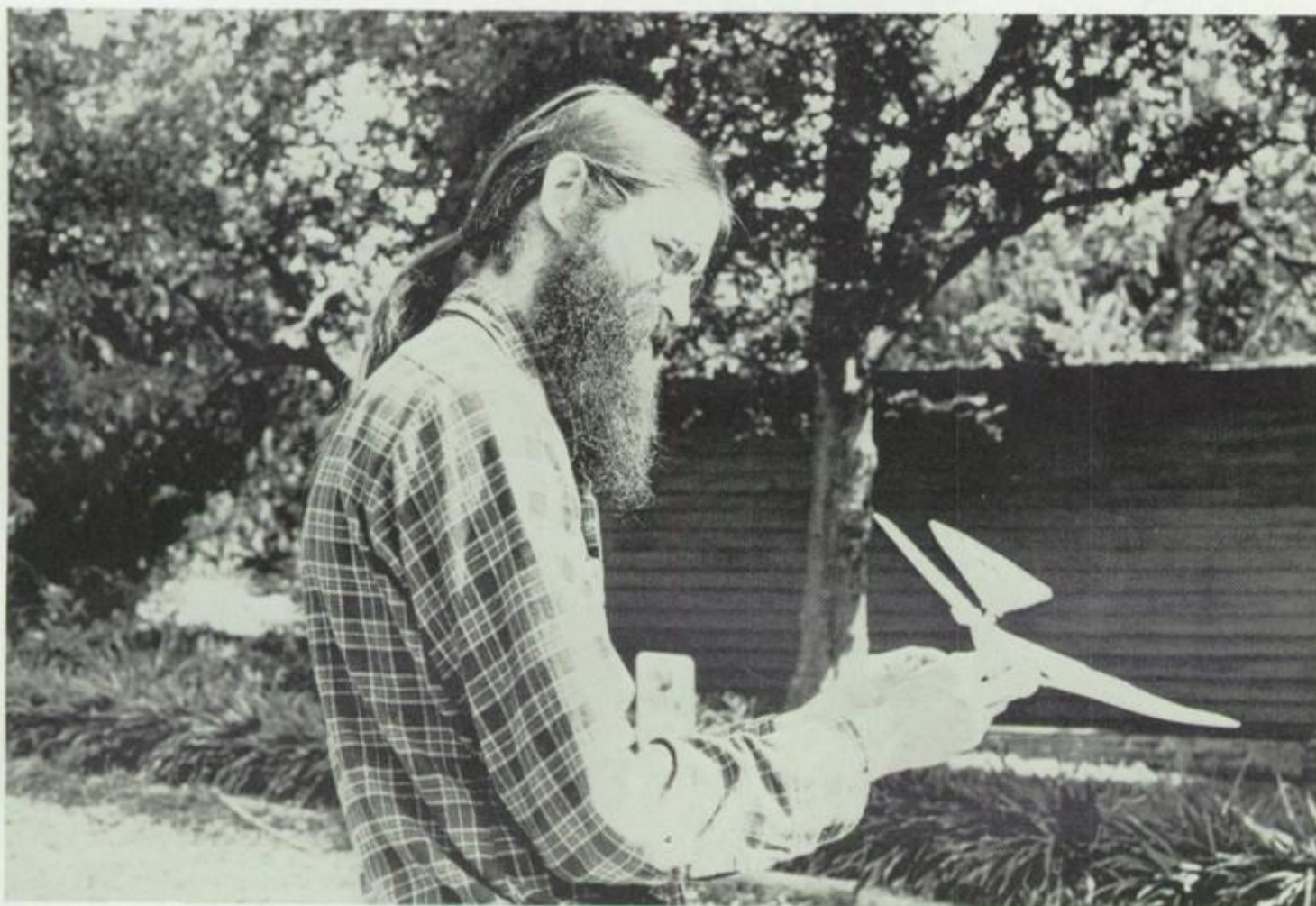


And our Friend



Earsley Mattocks — friend, helper, believer

FACULTY



Stephen Houpt



Sandy McKean Goodin





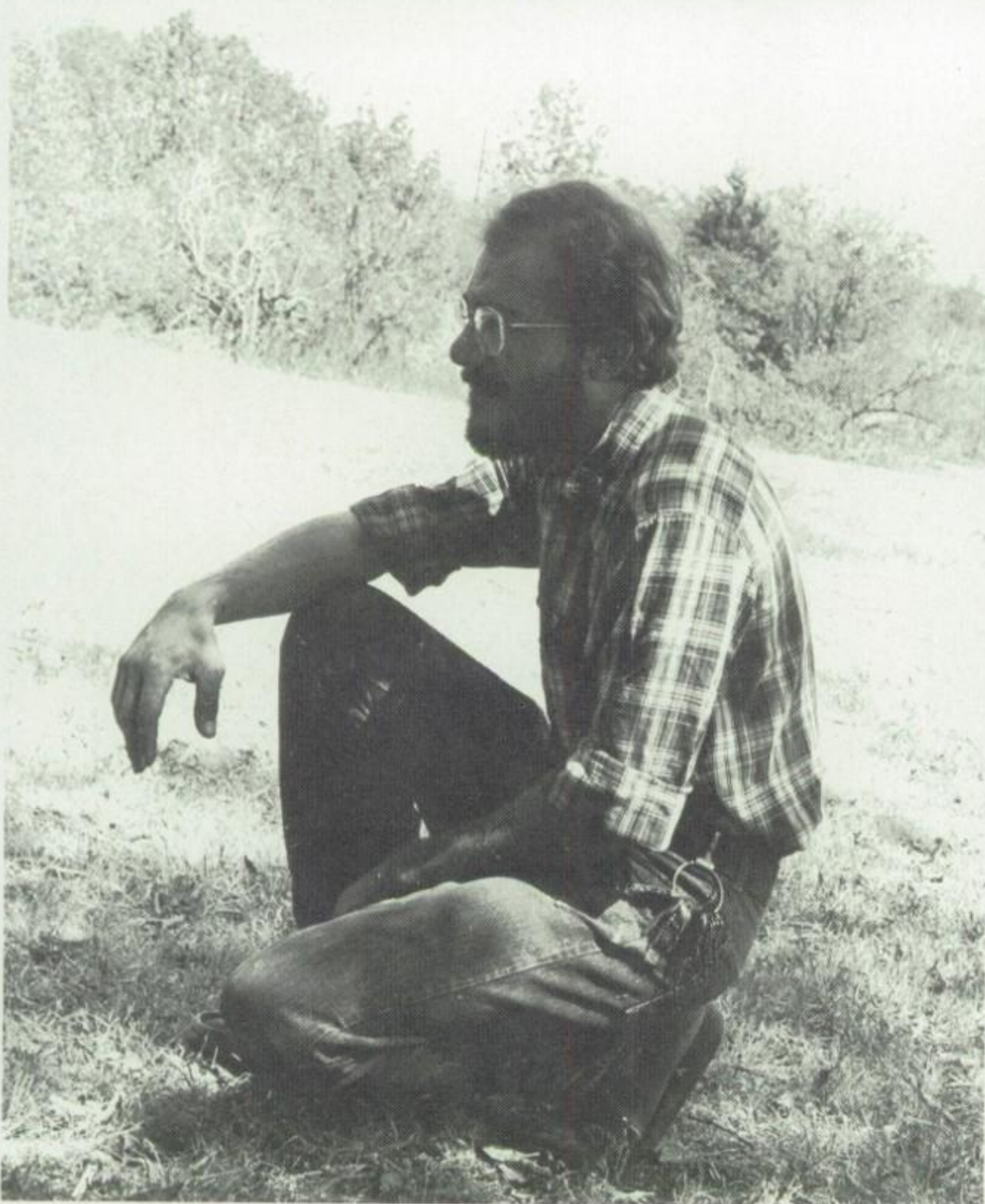
Paula Doty

Michael Flanigan





Elisa Berger



Larry Stone

?



Linda Shasberger

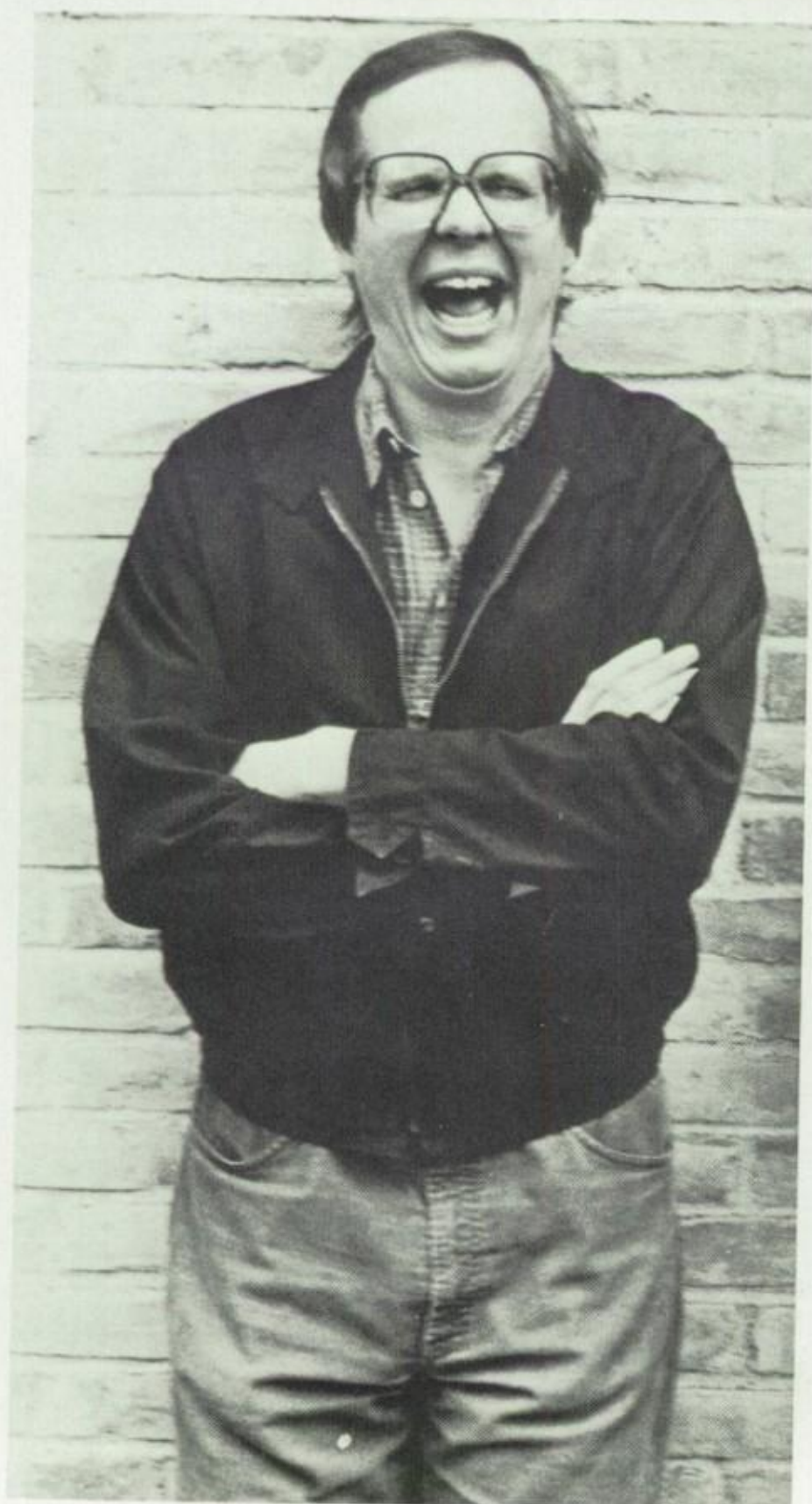


Bruce Bradshaw

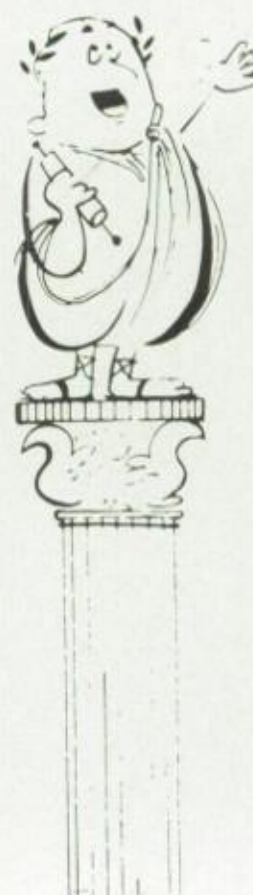




Pamela Ezell

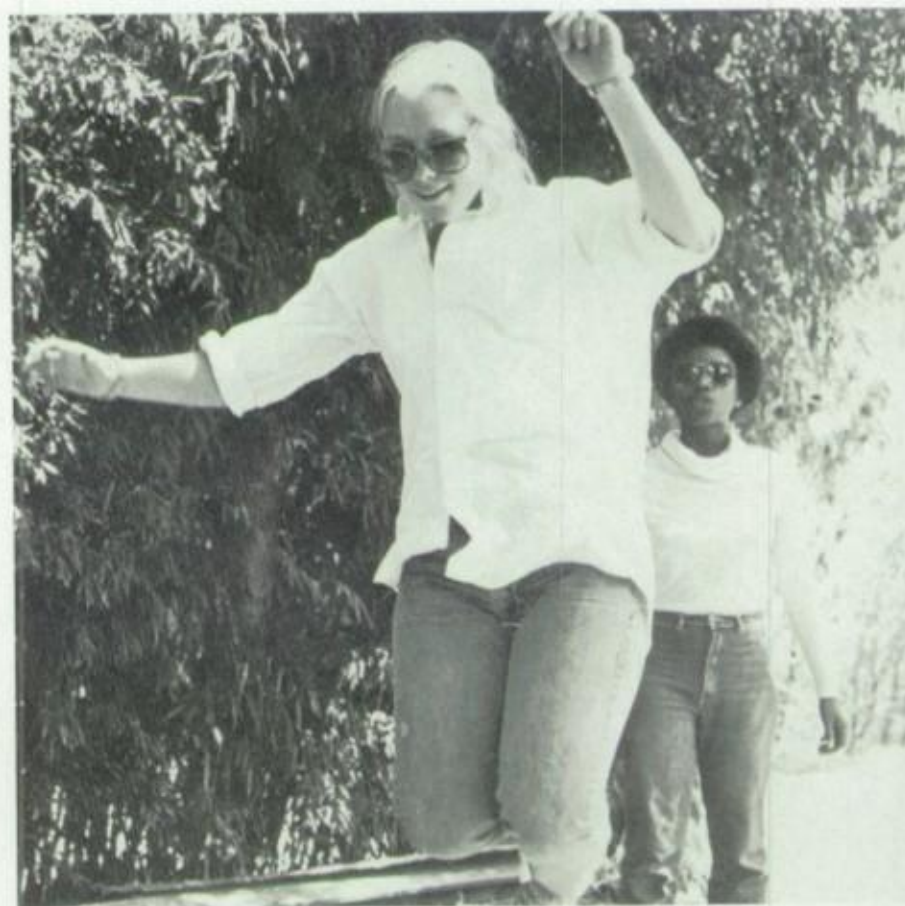


Walter Chapin





One clear, late summer afternoon, we all gathered with lunch and guitar



Susan put on her shades and the crowd was amazed.

Vivica, Jude and Jennifer led the pack. How were we supposed to know they had kept up practice since kindergarten?

PICNIC!



Above are only a few of the “turkeys” that came to see the action.

We discovered with Brad that you don't need legs to jump rope — in fact it's easier!



in the back. Then someone got a bright idea — Jump rope! Everyone got out of hand . . .



FUTURE SENIORS

I was at the beginning of the end
in a long maze of doors.
I find the only key,
my friend, that works
is the one that breaks life loose
to send the peace
that is mine.

Jay Byrd





Paul Vaughn



Madonna Guerrin



Greg Lewis

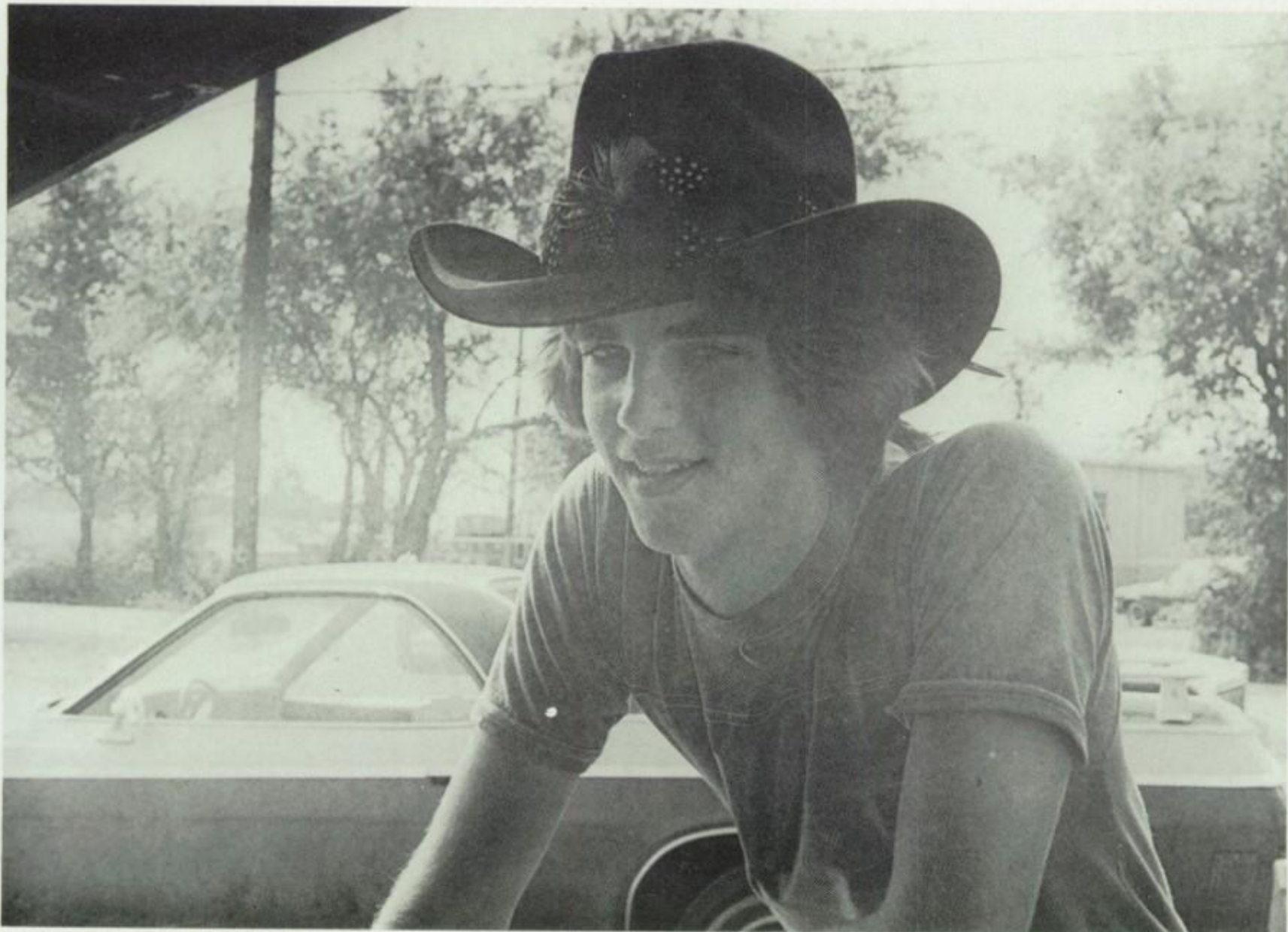
Ronnie Haynie





Holly Reese

Kirk Lau





Left:
Bunnie Mecaskey

Below:
Rob Drake

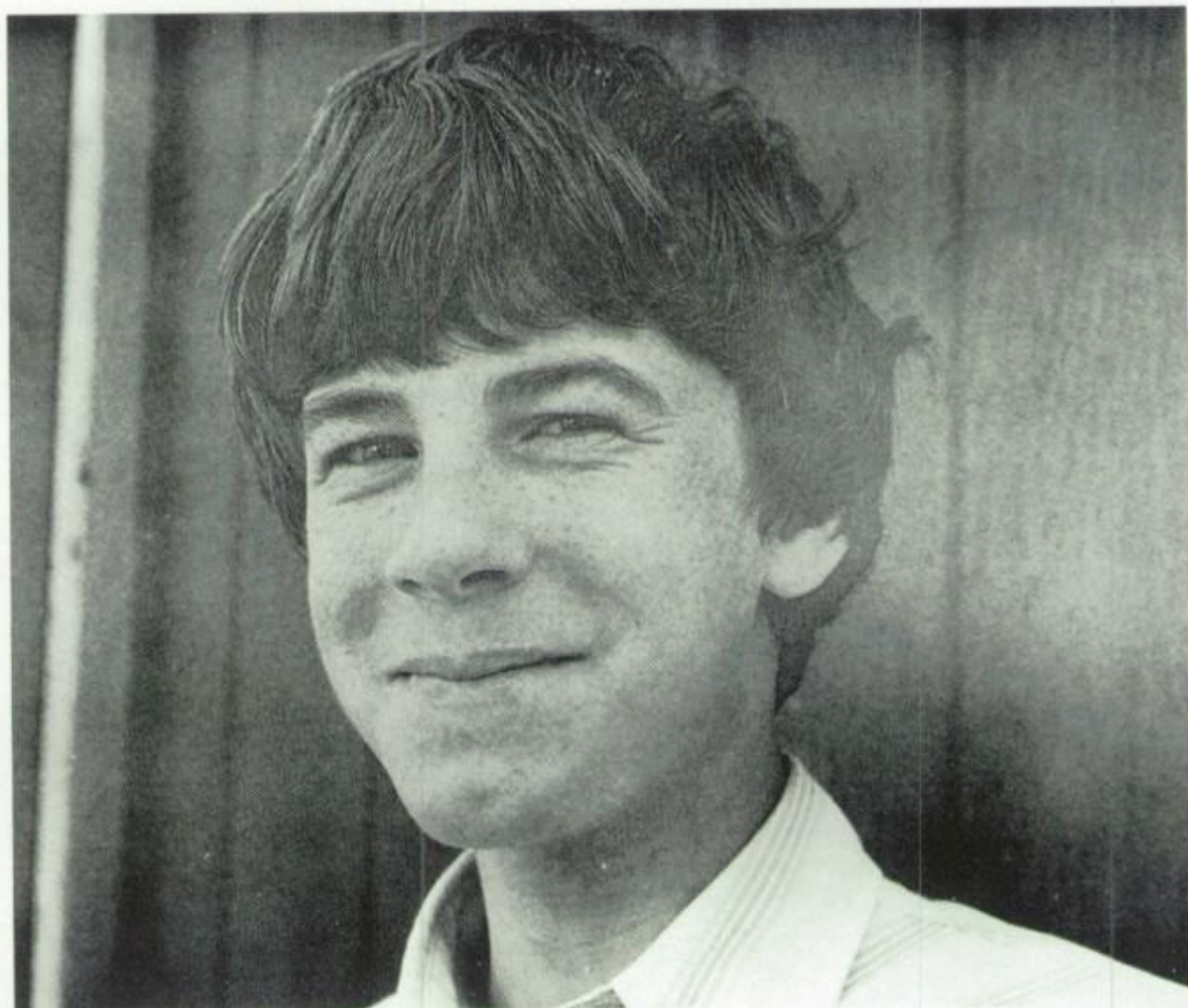




Left:
Tracy Williamson

Below:
Bill Bookman





Jim Alexander



Ha Pham



Thoman Nixon



Karen Barnett



Bill Robertson

Cheryl Murchison



Missy Spillman



David Galloway



Missy Hall



H. G. Powell

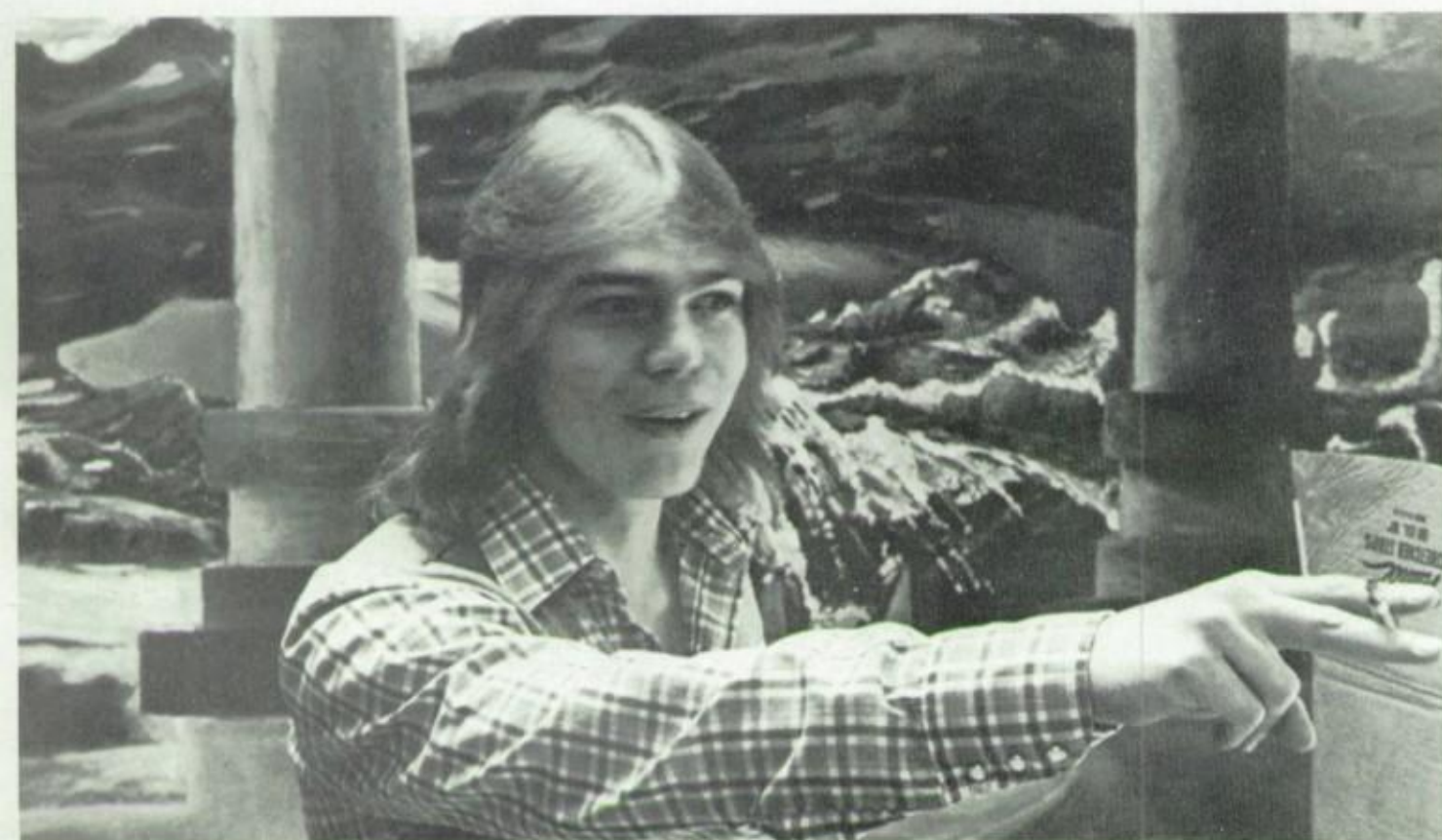


Greg Harris





Tim Glass



Sean Robinson



David Dial

Mike Sides



Mark Rothstein



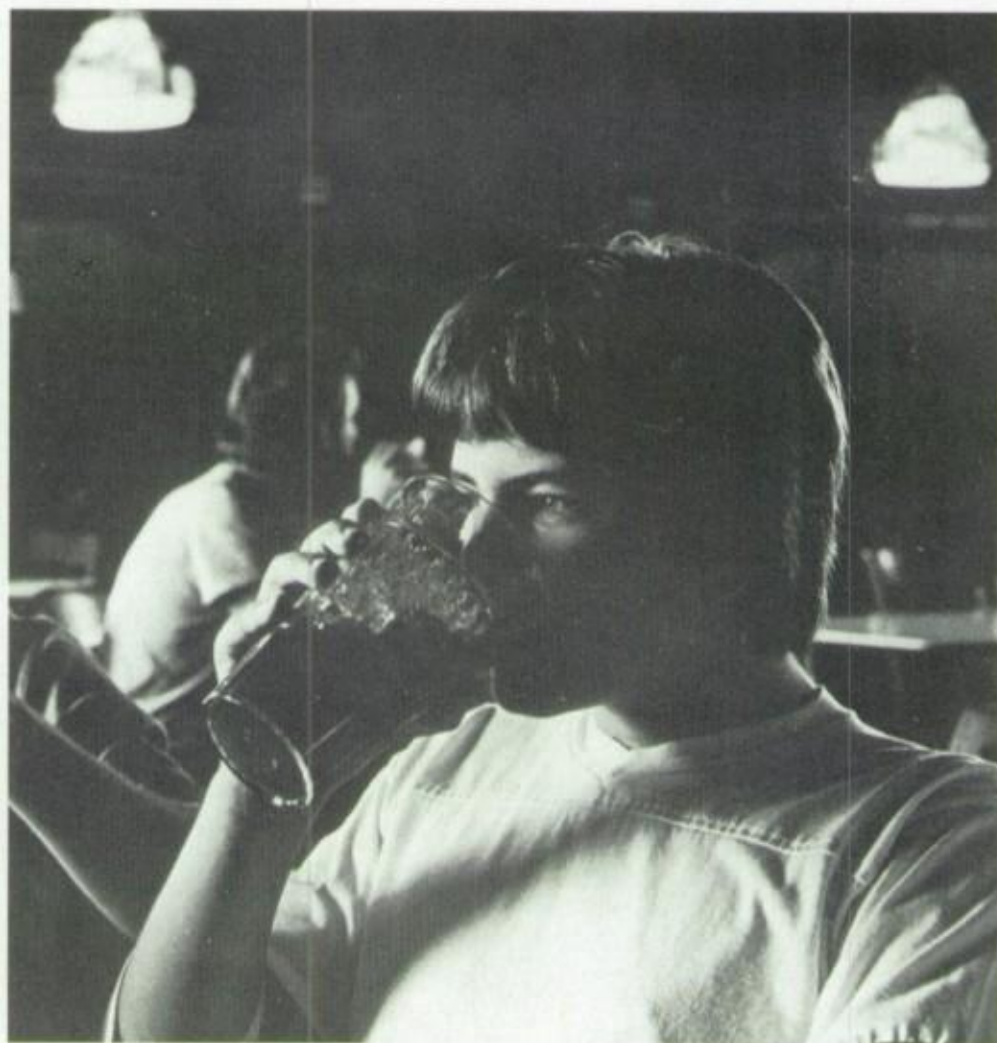
Scott Stewart





MY FEARS!

They attack
when I least expect it!



Kidnapped by someone who drinks rootbeer!



People with heads and no arms, or with no body at all!

Hearing the plant behind me talking!



Discovering that "Pepsodent smile" while trying to enjoy a bit of nature.



Finding out what "Peppers" are really like!



Learning grown-ups aren't safe to be around at times!



Even missing my nails when I need to bite them!



Then someone told me
that only thing to fear . . .

is
FEAR
itself!





So next
time
the
UNEXPECTED
happens

...

Stay cool!



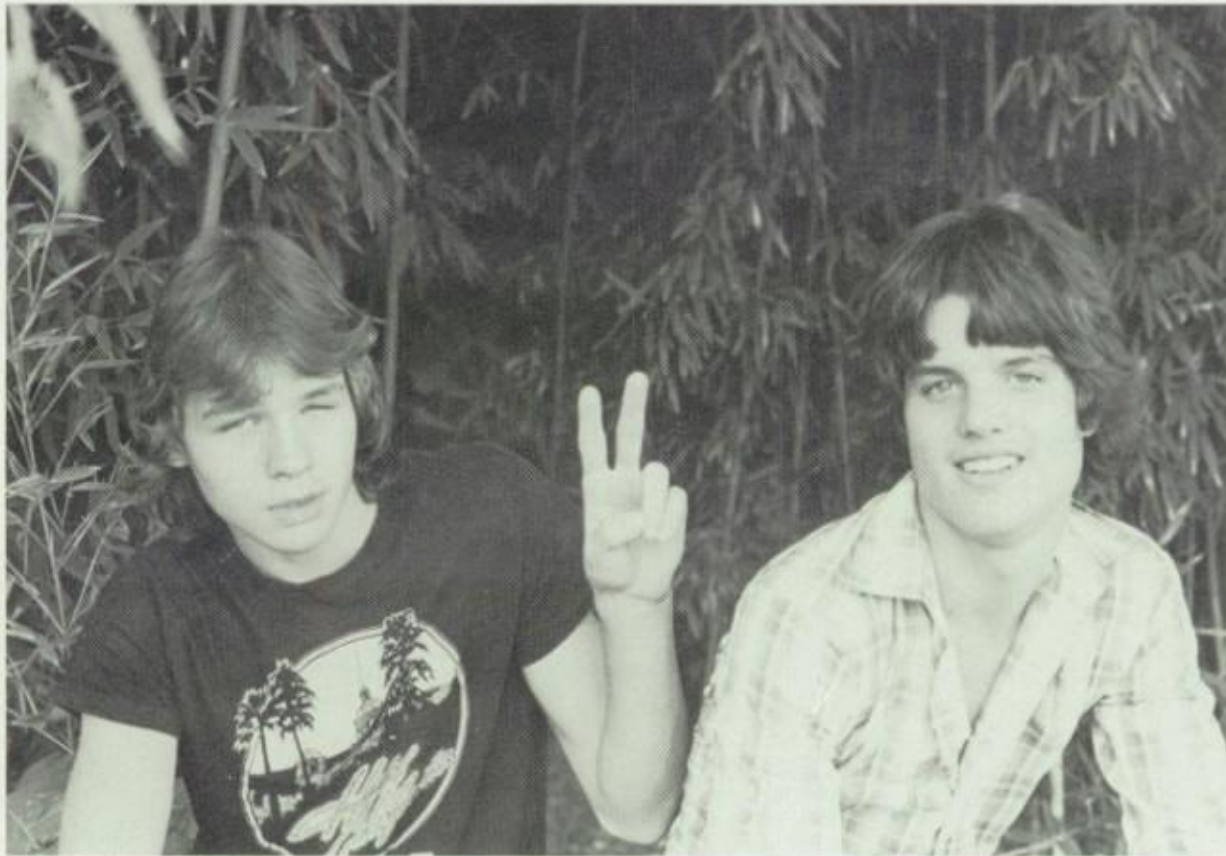
I AM . . .



a person who loves nature,
a dreamer and a realist,
a builder of beauty,
and a destroyer of bad faith.

I AM

...



... different things to each
person I meet.

**I am a unity
of their reflections.**



UNICORN . . .

Some say the Unicorn is dead, along with
the smell of a new morning and the fear of
a winter frost. Yet he lives within the
Mind's Eye and the heart.

On this long, lonely road she walks in this world.
She is lost can't seem to find her way. Many
walks she's taken hoping to discover her dreams.
suppose she has taken the wrong turns and fallen
in too many streams.
She has found the feeling that hurt gives and what
lying and cheating can bring.
Where is the path she must take to all the answers
she must find?
The hope, happiness, and love she has to share.
Always on the rocky road she trips;
She is tired of stumbling.
Someone show her a smooth road where she may
walk.
She is willing to climb the highest hill to reach the
highest dream.
Lead her on a hopeful path to she can find her way
and discover the dreams that she seeks for
today.
— Jennifer Girsdansky

I'm not amused,
a bit confused —
what have you seen?
I'm not asking you
to shape up your life,
just asking where you've been.
Tell me your story
of the years behind,
Then I'll tell you mine.
I'm on the inside
looking outside,
Feeling very dark.
— Tim Hawkins



For John Lennon and Others

A man stepped into the eleventh hour darkness to be met by a
cold hard flame of death.
A spirit fled into the night, and his song ended — his destiny
unfulfilled.
The world paused a moment to mourn, for he was a bond —
One of those rare men taught by the gods to sing divinely, and
men gave ever honored their minstrel.
We wept, not for the man, whom we did not know,
But for the loss of his music.
Death, unsatiated, did not pause.
An old woman feebly sensed his presence in gleaming silent steel
as her life was bartered for a few crumpled bills.

Another spirit hastened toward infinity, unnoticed, and
unaccompanied by the dirges of men.
Our caring is limited and tears of grief, like precious jewels, are
dearly bought.
She had not the price —
Not one song or one moment of glory to exchange for one tear.
And so she died in silence — Or did the gods rejoice in choruses
unheard by man,
As two spirits, naked and indistinguishable merged with
infinity.

— Linda Shasberger

Childhood Is . . .

Not sleeping on Christmas Eve, hoping you can hear Santa Claus fall down the chimney.
Having to sit pretty with Mom's company when you wish you could be running around
with the older boys outside.

Wishing you didn't have a baby sister who gets all the attention and is spoiled rotten.

Being an expert on lying about where all the cookies went that Mom just bought.

Fantasizing about becoming a movie star.

Getting into Mom's makeup and dressing in her evening gowns when she goes shopping.

— Jennifer Girsdansky

Going trick-or-treating on Halloween night.

Playing hopscotch or playing on monkey bars.

Having rock fights in between houses and getting hit with one.

Fighting with big brother and changing little sister's diapers.

Taking care of pet rats.

Walking on the "white" brick road.

Having to go to church and sit still for one *whole* hour.

Having little sister call me "mommie."

— Linda Thompson

Playing dirty tricks on the prettiest girl in kindergarten.

Sitting on your father's lap when he comes home from work, and getting him in a good
mood!

Crying for your mother when your father has left home . . .

Having your big brother use your Mickey Mouse turntable to play a Grand Funk album
for his best friend.

— Susan Thayer

Beating up all the boys because they won't kiss you.

Watching cartoons.

Being Jumprope Queen at your elementary school.

Playing army with your brother and taking all his men as prisoners.

Taking big brother's bike.

Hiding your little sister's favorite shoes and saying you haven't
seen them in weeks!

Playing sick so you don't have to go to school.

Wanting everything you see.

Needing *all* the attention — forget brothers and sisters!

— Michelle Evans

Always remaining a child so I may watch the dance of the trees and talk of dreams with
the moonbeams.

— Elisa Berger

With all my years behind me
 And a lot still left ahead!
 I've got my memories.
 Memories are things too special to forget.
 I have my friends;
 Friends are people too special to let go.
 I have this fear of age;
 Old is supposed to be an ugly word.
 But I've seen old in other people,
 And they didn't look ugly to me.
 No one dies young.
 We age a little in everything we do,
 And we all do a lot.
 A have love;
 Love is a power we all possess.
 I have freedom'
 freedom is what we call our own.
 But a wise man once said,
 "There is no freedom."
 I say he's wrong.

Considering all that I have now,
 There is really nothing that I need
 I'm quite content.
 And I'll probably still be if I died now,
 But don't hold me to it.
 There's a lot I haven't seen.
 And too much I haven't said.
 I want a little time of my own.
 We expect too much of others,
 And so little if any, of ourselves.
 I want to get to know myself better
 How strange a thing to ask for
 If you look at it,
 look at it good.
 If you look at me,
 Look at me good.
 I may seem young,
 But I've been around
 A long time.

— Jennifer Keen

Old man
 In the bed,
 Are you ill
 Because you're
 Old
 Or just
 Impatient?

— Tim Hawkins



My mind is being drawn
 through a pen
 It lays upon the paper
 and stares at my face
 melted dreams fill my spirit,
 now
 The walls crumble to dust,
 beyond the sun
 And the fools play
 Their mind games.
 My head is pounding with thoughts,
 that I'm not thinking

Someone speaks clear to me,
 but I cannot hear their voices
 Music blows within my mind
 and in this calling back
 I can hear my thoughts react.
 The sun and the moon
 The earth and the sky
 and all the things that seem
 to pass by
 from beginning to end.
 Never to live or to die.

— Jude Koons



A Great Man

My grandmother stood behind the camera. Her subject, a beautiful baby girl, had never been photographed before.

"Bryan, will you stand on your head?"

"Sure!" I stood on my head and made funny faces at the girl. She stared at me and then started gurgling happily.

"Thank you," my grandmother said as she took picture after picture.

Several summers ago, I spent two weeks with my grandparents. They own a photographic studio in Winnsboro and a thirty-acre farm outside of town. At the farm, I explored the many pastures and wooded areas. The cattle paid little attention to me, so I left them alone.

After dinner, I built a dam in the creek. My grandfather came from the house to look at it. I really admire that man. He built a house in his backyard. I guess it was more of a workshop, but it was as big as my parents' house.

My grandfather owned a foreign car. It barely had room for two people, and it looked very ugly, but I loved to ride in it.

Every night, my grandfather and I built a fire by the creek. Sitting in chairs by the fire, the sounds of the country would overwhelm my mind — so much life that I could hear sense, all around me.

All of this excitement went on for two weeks — I had the time of my life. As I grew older, I still visited them several times a year. My grandfather was not getting any younger; he started visiting a lung specialist more and more often.

"Hello, Granddad," I said hesitantly. My grandfather lay in a bed, several machines managed and marked his life. I didn't like being there.

"Hey!" My grandfather greeted me weakly, but enthusiastically. My parents told me that he might live for many more years. I go to visit, but the fire burns no longer.

I Hear The Sun

A tree whispers to the wind
As it blows the leaves from side to side.
Tell me of the grass and flowers
That sing to the sun and sky.
Are they disturbed by the airplane
That flies over them and screams for
destruction?
I sit, think and wonder.
The sights before me are so peaceful.
I am sorry for the man
Who cannot see them.
Does he imagine the sights
That I can see?
Can I imagine the things
That he hears?
No reason to waste my thoughts on
That I can't hear.
I am deaf.

— Susan Thayer



Watching a tree
Out a window,
I gazed at one
particular leaf.
I watched it
and the wind got stronger
and my heart speeded
rapidly.

The leaf finally fell
and I felt my life
fading away,
yet born again.

— Tim Hawkins

Dazedly he stood there,
not knowing what to say.
The words at the moment had not
a damn thing to play.
Calmly reaching for a heart of steel,
he ran in a circle,
a circle of fear.
Praised was the time
and still was the day;
Dark was the love that decided
to fly away;
Singing out the pain that held
to the soul.
He fell in the mist,
not knowing where to go.

— Jude Koons

If it wasn't for the memory
of some people that I know
I don't think I'd be trying,
Just be drowning in the Blues.

I remember the people I want to
I speak to the people I choose,
I look at many lifetimes,
I watch as many lose.

I wish I had a profession
(I'd go to work *every day*)
So when it came to Friday
I could pick up my pay.

— Tim Hawkins

I just found myself crying.
It was the sadness of my soul.
Trying, I found myself.
To reach an understanding.
I fought against my feelings,
To contain my sadness.
But being in the dark,
I could not see from where they
Were coming.

— Jennifer Keen

Poem of an Empty House (For Miloe)

I walk through empty halls of a place
I used to know in wornout dreams.
Do you see the people who have died here?
Can you hear the voices talking to me?

No one can possibly see, in reality,
The things I see in my mind.
How vivid the colors and lights are to me.
I wonder if it happened this way before.

Maybe to somebody else, not to me,
Nothing ever happens to me.
I just float from day to day on
a stream of sun and rain, no joys.

Everything I've ever known, I've forgotten
My friends, my parents, my animals.
But the people who died still surround me
I know this isn't a dream . . .
. . . I'm dead.

— Susan Thayer

Feel

Friend that say they're friends
(But aren't)
Lovers who make love
(But can't)
They don't feel
But my emotions
They steal — till I can't feel.

Love is shared between you and me
(You just take)
There is no love — we talk
(You listen)
Now I don't feel
But your emotions
I steal — and now you don't feel.

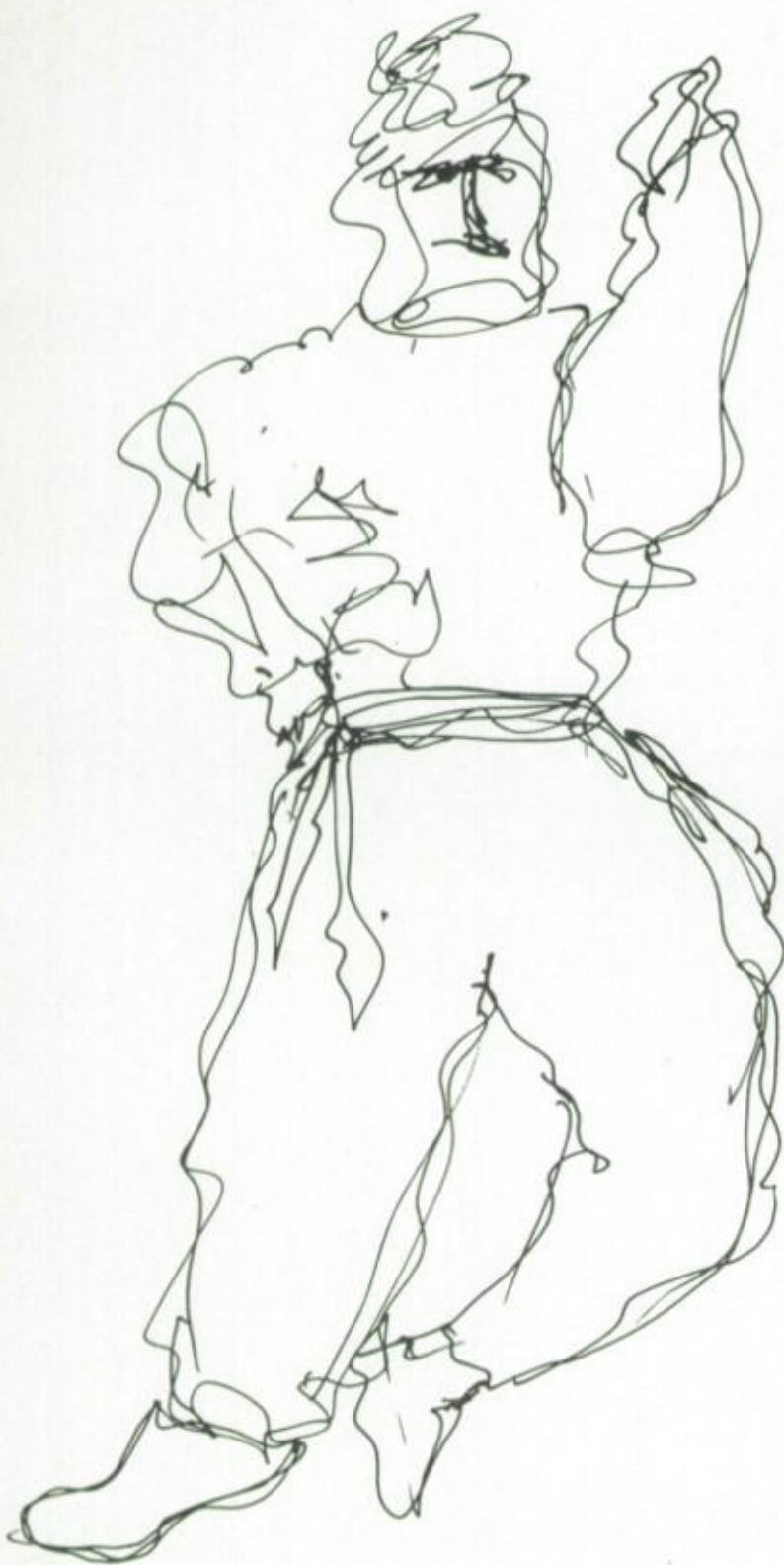
You said I loved you, friend
I said I love you, love
Guess my watch is wrong
I guess my timing's off.

1 year ago you loved me, love
But I need no love
Guess my emotion is wrong
I guess my love is off.

Now I'm the victim
Of crazy feelings —
Guess my calendar's wrong.
I guess our date is off.

— Jon Lacey





Etching-Ha Pham

The masks that were me
Were torn off by you
Stomped in the ground
bleeding and screaming who

You picked up
My least favorite one
Put on me
And left with a run.

— Jon Lacey

Reflect Upon Your Reflections

When you get what you want in struggle for self.
And the world makes you royalty for a day,
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself.
And see what that person has to say.

For it isn't your father, mother or friends
Whose judgment you must pass.
The one whose verdict on which your life depends
Is the image staring back in the glass.
That's the person to please,
Never mind all the rest,
For that is the one with you clear up to the end.

And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
If the reflection in the glass is your friend,
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years,
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the one in the glass.

— Bunnie Mecaskey

I wanted to write
A song for you
But the music wasn't right
And the words weren't true

One way things
Get old quick
And the boring one nites
There making me sick

Baby, when it rains,
Sunshine it pours
And loves, the girls I know,
Are all just bores

So gimme a kiss
Tell me it's okay
I know it's a lie
Here's where it'll stay

— Jon Lacey

There was a room.
 A candle lit on a dresser,
 And near it, a photograph of a young man.
 I saw in the flickering light,
 The shadow of all that was present.
 A brass bed, a quilt, a vanity,
 And a young woman.
 She sat quiet in a gown and robe,
 Listening to a piano and violin concerto.
 She held in her hands a lovely pattern in lace,
 It was to be her wedding dress.
 She held it up, and then placed her body next to it,
 Holding it closer to feel it better.
 Admiring her self, she was beautiful.
 She went towards the bed, and placed it nearly on top,
 Making sure nothing would wrinkle.
 She then took the corners of her robe,
 And danced lightly around the room,
 So nicely with the soft music.
 She swayed back and forth, from corner to corner,
 Gentle and easy, and then stopped before the dresser.
 Her hand was holding her heart,
 As when stared into the eyes of the face in the
 Photograph.
 He was so to be her husband,
 And she his wife.
 No longer would she be a girl,
 She would then be a woman.
 She took the photograph to her lips and gently
 Kissed it,
 As the music ended,
 And all you could hear was the scratching of the record
 That sounded from the worn out victrola.
 And then the candle went out.

If that could be me, I said,
 It would be nice.
 But it wouldn't be as beautiful
 As in the dream.

— Jennifer Keen

I needed a brain
 But we aren't selling any
 I needed a god
 But I couldn't believe any
 I needed a love
 But I didn't have any
 I really did but
 She wouldn't take any
 I need too
 But she wouldn't give any
 Make me believe
 You love me too
 Make me believe —
 You wouldn't

— Jon Lacey



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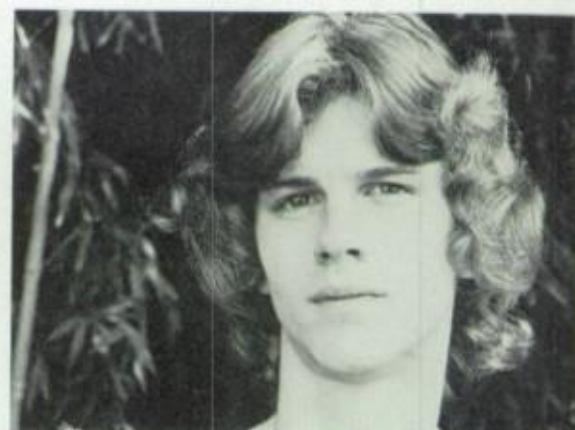
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Playing guitars ... Luther's ... punk's dead ... Dallas Repertory Theatre ... Jackson Browne ... Cars ... Van Halen ... Fleetwood Mac ... Elton John ... Frank Zappa ... *Arsenic and Old Lace* ... You'd have to be there! ... "Where'd that cement picnic bench come from?" ... four summer Musketeers in Europe ... *Elephant Man* ... *Cosmos* ... *Ordinary People* ... *All That Jazz* ... *Battle of the Stars* ... only T.V.



AMAZING!



movies, nothing more . . . Woody Allen . . . Halloween — where were you? . . . “Some people can’t stay on a horse!” . . . rock’s dead . . . camel face . . . “Charge?” . . . “Can I have a sip?” . . . “You going home today?” . . . teachers that don’t come or leave but they’re here?! . . . “What ever happened to Peter Frampton?” . . . Iran-Iraq and the 52 pawns . . . Reagan, Carter, Anderson — the Three Stooges . . . Frank Homet, we miss you . . . the end of a long, hot summer —



fried brains . . . "I don't need no heavy trips — I just do what I want to do" . . . St. Helen's eruption — "Will California really slide into the ocean?" . . . John Lennon assassinated . . . "All We Need Is Love! . . . Iran-Iraq — both sides winning . . . baby peacocks growing up with MOMMA! . . . Elderberry wine, hmmm, haven't had any since I was a little, bitty, bitty, bitty . . . drought-frost-humid heat — no snow days! . . . flu virus epidemic . . . 53 U.S. hostages welcomed by Pres. Reagan . . . 12% inflation . . . booming Addison — city of good roads and endless restaurants . . . Senior excitement and spring fever . . . summer comes to Walden . . .





